THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LIV. R. J. C. WALKER, No. 727 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1874. Three Dollars a Year, In Advance. No. 18.

THE COMING DAYS.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

Be wise—for the dark days come,
And the nights that are full of woe;
The oak tree loseth her leaves,
And the daisy is dead, below!
And how can we know that spring
Will crown her with greener leaves,
Or bring new joy to the heart
That over the daisy grieves?

Be wise—for the daisy's life
Is but the type of thine;
And things on earth are but the sign
Of things that are divine.
We look at the winter-world,
And the hills that are white with snow,
And wish we were back in the summer-hush
Of the quiet vale below!

And yet when the Summer comes
We are not quite content,
We long for the crowning miracle
Of a coming glad event!
Be wise—for the seasons still must change,
The flower of the field must die;
And how can we hope the reaper, Death,
Will spare us—you and I!

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE," "JOHN FARMORE'S PLOT," ETC.

The savage stood erect in his unmanageable craft, and, with excited haste, flung his small, keen tomahawk at his foe.

CHAPTER IV.

MAJOR AMBERLY'S OFFENCE.

We must request our readers to accompany us to the town of Nacogdoches. This ancient Spanish town, one of the early Mexican settlements, was of no great size, and had now in great part lost its former importance.

It had been the centre of a thriving Indian trade, but this had greatly fallen off during and since the Texan struggle for independence.

The Red Lands, a large tract of very fertile soil in Eastern Texas, had proved very attractive to the Indian tribes, and they had occupied almost the entire tract. In addition to the native Indians, there had been large migrations from the United States.

Some of these had been made at a much earlier date, but in 1822 the Cherokees, with representatives of several other tribes, not liking the restrictions to which they were subjected, had migrated in large numbers, and settled upon this district.

They had been peacefully inclined, until within the last year. But since Texas had gained her independence, many of her sons had looked with longing eyes upon these rich lands, and squatters were gathering thickly upon their borders.

The policy of removing these savage inhabitants back again to the Indian Territory had been seriously debated, and though President Houston strongly opposed it, the savages had grown alarmed, and were ready to listen to the insidious advances of secret Mexican agents. A new president now occupied the chair, whose policy was opposite to that of General Houston, and their alarm increased.

Colonel Bowles, their head chief, was a half-breed, his father a Scotchman, his mother an Indian woman. He was known to be shrewd and daring, and it was strongly suspected that he had listened favorably to the representations of secret agents of Santa Anna.

This changed state of feeling among the savages had been evidenced by several outbreaks, in which one or two settlers had been murdered. But the movement of a large war party of Indians to the southward, as detailed in our last chapter, was a far more serious matter, and justified the utmost alarm in the inhabitants of the border.

In consequence of its perilous position Nacogdoches had long possessed a garrison, which had been strengthened within the last year in dread of trouble with the Indians.

The few companies of Texan Rangers stationed there were dignified by the name of a regiment, and were under the command of Colonel Brownson, with a full regimental organization. They occupied the old Spanish barracks, on the skirts of the town.

We must introduce our readers to the interior of a house in this town. It was an old and substantially built mansion, with grounds sloping back to the dark waters of Nina Creek, that ran close by the town. This stream was very shallow, except during the rainy season, but had been swollen by a recent storm, and was now running with some depth and much speed.

Two persons were seated in the sitting-room of this mansion, a dark, wainscotted apartment, overlooking the grounds, which were full of the green and flowering beauty of the semi-tropics.

Its old-fashioned substantial furniture still occupied the room. It seemed to have been the home of some wealthy Mexican, and to have been left, without a change, to his Texan successor.

One of these gentlemen wore the uniform of a captain in the Texan service. He was a handsome young man, of seemingly energetic disposition. His companion was a civilian, more advanced in years, and of a steady, grave countenance.

A small table sat between them, having on it a tray of fruit and an open case of cigars. A rich odor from the garden came in at the open window. The sunlight struck warmly on the opposite wall.

"You are not smoking, captain," said the other gentleman. "Try another cigar. I hope you find them to your taste."

"They are excellent, Mr. Marvin—excellent," replied the captain, "but, with your permission, I will try an orange instead."

"Certainly—certainly. I know you will like those. They are from my own garden."

Captain Allen deftly removed the golden rind from his orange as he again spoke.

"It is vexatious, this affair of the major's," he said. "I know the full importance of prompt obedience of a soldier to his superior officer. But I don't like Colonel Brownson's action."

"It is simply tyrannical and inexcusable," said Mr. Marvin, rather hotly. "I, as a citizen, protest, and will continue to protest, against such a stretch of authority, and I cannot understand how you soldiers can submit to it."

"We have been brought up in a different school from you," said the captain. "The necessity of subordination is the first and constant lesson taught a soldier. Major Amberly has broken the rules of strict military discipline in disobeying the orders of his superior."

"Suppose he has," broke in Mr. Marvin. "Is he not excusable? Is not his action creditable? Does it deserve censure, or these harsh measures?"

"Not in equity," said the captain. "The colonel has acted unjustly, and, I fear, from private spleen. Military discipline has this fault, that it permits occasional tyranny."

"You may well call it tyranny. The man hates Major Amberly, and has taken the first opportunity to show it. But even Colonel Brownson is not an autocrat. There are higher powers than he in the State, and I will see if they cannot be invoked."

"It will not be so easy," said the captain, deftly opening another orange.

"Why not? This court-martial cannot be pushed so rapidly as to prevent some higher officer being seen. Nor would Colonel Brownson dare attempt personal injury to his prisoner."

"I do not know how much he might dare. I know that it will be no easy matter to leave this town now on the errand you propose."

"Why not? I defy him to interfere to prevent me, and there is no one else would wish to. Major Amberly has general sympathy."

"The major has more enemies than you think. But that is not my meaning. It is simply that our friend's action has borne bitter fruit."

"How? Please explain."

"I will smoke now, if you have no objections," said Captain Allen, lighting a cigar, and leaning back in his chair to its enjoyment.

"To explain my meaning," he continued, "it will be well to recapitulate. Let us reconsider Major Amberly's action. A strong body of Indians appear outside of their legal limits—not in war paint, it is true, but plainly meaning mischief. A force of Rangers, under command of the major, is directed to watch them. But this officer's hands are tied by strict orders from the colonel that he shall, under no circumstances, suffer a soldier to stir from the blockhouse. If a soldier's coat, on a wooden wall, can frighten a hundred savages, well and good. But if the Cherokee laughs at the soldier, and tries some depredations on his own hook, the celebrated Texan Rangers must sit and look on, sucking their fingers."

"That is a fair statement of the case," said Mr. Marvin.

"I was with the force, you know," said Captain Allen, "and was present when Jacob Hodge was captured by the savages within sight of the fort. You may imagine how our blood boiled. There was a white prisoner in the hands of the redskins, and his wife and family occupying a hut within the Indian lines. On the other side were the colonel's strict orders not to stir from the fort. You may imagine the storm in our fiery major's breast. 'Something must be done, Captain Allen,' he said to me. 'Orders are strict, it is true. But the colonel did not imagine a case like this. That man must be released, and his family brought in.'"

"Certainly a reasonable conclusion," said Mr. Marvin.

"'The colonel is a martinet, major,' I replied."

"'I am a man,' was his answer."

"That was all we said. I gave him a look, and he gave me a look. He walked away to his rooms, and in ten minutes I was outside the fort, with sixty armed Rangers at my back. We made first for the hut. The Indians fell back, leaving the woman and children safe. I demanded the return of the prisoner. They laughed and displayed their weapons. I ordered a charge, and for five minutes we had a sharp skirmish. Then they fell back into the woods, leaving their prisoner murdered upon the ground, and two of their own warriors to bear him company. I had one man killed and two wounded."

"And that was all?"

"That was enough. The colonel's orders had been disobeyed. Strictly speaking, I was the culprit, but the major, as you know, would not shelter himself behind such a subterfuge. He acknowledges that he commanded me to make the attack, and declares that he would do it again in any similar case."

"In consequence," continued Mr. Marvin, "Colonel Brownson has put him under arrest for disobedience of orders, and threatens a court-martial."

"So the case stands," said Captain Allen. "There is no one here doubts that it is private enmity that is at the bottom of the colonel's action, but he puts it under a lofty claim of public duty. Unfortunately, there has a circumstance just happened that will tell severely against the major, particularly in the hands of his enemies."

"What is that? I have heard of nothing."

"You remember that the colonel's excuse for his order was that he had been strictly directed from headquarters to do nothing to excite the savages, or to give them any plea for open hostilities by an aggressive movement on our part."

"Of course, I know all that."

"These orders were disobeyed. And now, within three weeks, a strong war party of Indians, in full paint and panoply, has appeared below the town."

"A war party of Indians!" cried Mr. Marvin, in excitement and surprise.

"Just so, with Lone Star at their head. This noted chief does not go out without meaning work."

"But this will be ruinous to Major Amberly!" cried Mr. Marvin.

"It will work against him, undoubtedly," was the reply.

"When did this news come in? What is the size of the party?" asked Mr. Marvin, in a breath.

"I heard it not half an hour ago. They were seen in the woods at the junction of the Nina and Angelina. The scout reports having counted fifty, in full war-paint."

"And I suppose now our obedient Colonel Brownson will await orders from Austin before he moves hand or foot. I wonder if he will let the troops leave the barracks to defend the town, in case it is attacked."

Mr. Marvin spoke with high indignation.

"I should judge that he must use some discretionary powers of his own."

"I don't know. He will then be doing but what Major Amberly did. It will weaken his case against the major."

"Very true," replied Captain Allen. "But the cases are very different. A colonel commanding a district cannot be held as strictly to orders as an officer commanding a reconnoisance. The savages, moreover, have broken the peace. Besides, it might prove no easy matter to send to or hear from Austin just now."

"That is why you say that I cannot communicate?"

"Exactly. The town may be even now surrounded by savages, for all we know to the contrary. You would be risking your life."

"I know Colonel Brownson," was Mr. Marvin's reply. "He will take this unfortunate occurrence as justifying him in acting with severe vigor against the major. He hates him, you say, and may obtain other officers unfriendly to the prisoner, with whom to form a court-martial. What is the extreme penalty of the major's offence?"

"Death," replied the captain, "on the charge of precipitating an Indian war by direct disobedience of orders. But he will not dare go so far."

"He has no lack of daring. Don't trust to that. There are scouts in the town used to Indian warfare. I can send one of them through the woods to Austin, with letters to the President."

"Do so," said the captain, rising to leave. "Your influence will be sufficient to secure a pardon."

CHAPTER V.

A HOT CHASE.

We left the canoe containing the fugitives just touching the shore of a small island in mid river, while the savages had again disappeared, and deep silence had succeeded the terrifying uproar of yells.

The island lay just above the influence of the swift current from the Nina, which had here considerably widened the main stream. It was covered with bushes and long grass, which overhung so as to conceal the shore.

They rowed slowly along the bank, the gloom of the overhanging bushes concealing them from view, in search of a good place to land.

Cautiously turning the head of the island, a firm, sloping bank presented itself, below which a narrow growth of cane bordered the eastern shore.

The ladies were helped ashore, and the boat fastened within the edge of the canebrake.

Leaving their passengers concealed behind a screen of the low bushes that covered the island, the two scouts made a reconnoisance along its banks, anxious to discover the probable movements of their savage foes.

Captain Wilson, Miss Amberly, and her maid, remained in anxious expectation.

"Why could we not have gone to the other shore of the river?" said the lady. "That cannot yet be occupied by the Indians. I dread this place. We cannot long be safe here."

"Why would you come up here at all, Miss Nellie?" cried Laura, in a shuddering voice. "They will take us prisoners, I know they will. And then what will become of us? That old man told you not to come."

"Don't be frightened, Laura," said her mistress, in a cooler tone. "Our guides are used to the savages. They will save us yet."

"That is the right feeling, Miss Amberly," said the captain. "We do not know how the other shore may be occupied. Silence proves nothing in Indian war. The savage never speaks till he is ready to strike. Our boatmen are too experienced to rush blindly into danger."

"Yet we have reason to believe that they are all on the east side of the river," said Miss Amberly. "They are threatening the town."

"I think not," replied Captain Wilson. "The town is too strong for them. They will rather try to cut off traveling parties, or attack isolated settlers."

"And it is so important that I should reach Nacgdoches—so vitally important," she exclaimed, in an impatient tone. "Every day, every hour, may prove disastrous. Is it far yet?"

"From five to ten miles," said the captain. "I do not know the exact distance."

Their conversation was interrupted by the return of the younger scout. The moon had now attained some altitude, and threw a clear though faint light upon the scene.

Laura sat in an attitude expresaive of deep dread. The moonlight revealed a pallid face, which brightened when she saw the scout.

"Oh, Mr. Sawyer!" she cried. "Have those dreadful savages gone? Can we go on?"

"We must stay where we are, for the present," was his reply, as he stood resting upon his rifle.

"What will they do with us if they capture us?" she cried, wringing her hands. "We will all be murdered, I know we will!"

"We are not captured yet," replied Phil, quietly. "One thing at a time. They must get us first."

"Have you learned anything?" asked the captain.

"Mr. Gray will be in soon," replied Phil. "I had best let him speak first. I am too young to give my opinion ahead of a man who fought Indians before I was born."

"Miss Amberly thinks we might have reached the other shore in safety, and escaped into the woods."

"It is too late now," was Phil's ominous answer.

The next moment the older hunter joined the circle.

It was Miss Amberly's turn now to show impatience and excitement. Evidently she trusted more fully to the old scout than to the youth.

"Are we safe?" she eagerly asked. "Have they retired? Can we escape? I will reward you both handsomely if we can in any way reach the town to-night. I am strong, I can walk."

She had risen in her excitement. Her eyes glittered in the moonlight. Her voice trembled.

"We are not safe," was his grave reply. "We may not be able to escape. I reveal the full danger to you to prepare you for the worst. I hope we will be able to baffle the savages."

"Why are you thus despondent?" asked Captain Wilson. "They are on shore, we on the island. We have weapons. We have a boat."

"They have canoes," was the answer. "There lies our danger. They have already crossed below the island. The western bank is guarded. We dare not attempt to reach either shore. The question is, can we keep them from the island?"

"And can you?" asked the lady, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking eagerly into his face.

"We can try," he answered. "I've been in many a worse scrape than this, and came out with a whole skin. A handful of Cherokees can't frighten an old hunter like Jack Gray."

"It is us you fear for?" she asked, her hand still upon his arm.

"It is a fearful position for a lady like you," he replied.

"I will not be in your way," she answered. "Act as if only your own safety was in question. I am a soldier's daughter. No man, red or white, shall see fear in my face, or hear it in my voice."

"Can you use the rifle, Captain?" asked the scout.

"Moderately well," was the reply.

"We need now to be vigilant and ready. A narrow strip of water divides us from the western bank. There the danger threatens. The savages must find it a path of blood to cross. Did you see the canoe, Phil?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"How many crossed?"

"Three, I think. Maybe four. If it is their only canoe, and I think it is, we need not fear four men."

"They know our force and will hardly venture to attack us with four men," said the older scout.

At these words a thought seemed to strike Phil. He hastily left the group and proceeded to the lower part of the island.

Mr. Gray—or Jack, as he preferred to be called—gave no visible attention to this movement. He proceeded to give Captain Wilson his directions, and to look to the safety of the ladies.

Along the centre of the island ran a ridge, rising to about six feet above the river level. From each side the ground sloped to the river.

Several trees of considerable size occupied the island, and it was covered with bushes, with a narrow line of tall canes along its western shore.

The river here was about a quarter of a mile wide, but the western channel was not more than a hundred yards, the eastern channel occupying the remaining distance.

The movement of the savages showed their intention to approach from the west, and it was necessary to keep the strictest watch in this direction.

But they might have other canoes, and it would not do to neglect the easterly waters.

"I must call your eyes in aid, miss, if I cannot your hands," said Jack, after stationing Captain Wilson behind a large oak near the head of the island, with directions to fire on any object crossing the stream, whether he understood it or not.

"I will gladly do anything in my power," Miss Amberly replied.

"I wish you to lie behind this ridge. Bullets may be flying from the west, and it will protect you. You can, at the same time, keep a watch to the east. If you see anything crossing from that direction call me. I will be within hearing of your voice."

"Nothing shall escape me," was her eager reply.

"And can I do nothing?" asked Laura, clinging to the sleeve of her mistress as she spoke.

"You may keep the lady company, I don't think you would like to watch by yourself?"

"No, indeed," was the frightened response, "I wouldn't for the world. I am trembling horribly now."

"Let it be done quietly, then. Make no noise, if you value your safety," said the scout earnestly.

He left them and walked over to where the canoe had been fastened. It had disappeared.

With a quick impulse of alarm his eyes scanned the surface of the stream. No signs of the boat were visible.

Without mentioning this suspicious circumstance to the others, he hastened to the lower end of the island, as rapidly as the bushes would permit.

It was a slender, jutting point, screened by a narrow line of bushes. A glance from this showed him what had happened.

A short distance down the stream the light Indian canoe, propelled by a single

rower, was recrossing to the eastern shore. It was evidently their only boat, and was returning to take over more of the savages.

The savage was making vigorous strokes with his paddle, for, just below the island, and taking a direction to intercept him, was the canoe of the fugitives, propelled by the skillful arms of Phil Sawyer.

He was seated facing the bow, and making the water seethe with the powerful strokes of the two long oar blades he wielded.

The savage headed more down the stream, and increased his exertions, making his light craft fairly fly over the waters. But Phil's boat was light and sharp as an arrow, the two flexible blades were better than a single paddle, and he evidently gained on the chase.

A rifle shot from the shore showed that others had discovered this fact. But they were now near the middle of the river, an eighth of a mile from either shore, and the bullet of the savage went wide.

Phil, without heeding this impotent effort, continued to put all his strength to his oars. Only about forty yards now separated them.

The savage was heading down stream, but with a slant towards the eastern shore. Phil was gaining, but too slowly to prevent his purpose. He dared not approach too near the shore.

With one of those hasty resolutions from which success so often flows, he stopped his oars with a quick motion, seized his rifle, and took a rapid aim at his foe.

The wily savage caught this movement and bent his lithe body aside just in time to escape the fatally-aimed bullet. It struck the paddle in his hands, and tore it from his grasp, flinging it many feet from the canoe.

In an instant Phil had his oars again in the water and was rapidly propeling his boat forward. The savage stood erect in his unmanageable craft, looking back as if inclined to wait and try a hand to hand struggle.

He even grew impatient of the rapid approach, and with excited haste flung his small, keen tomahawk at his foe. His footing was too insecure for a safe aim. The whizzing hatchet shot harmlessly by within two feet of Phil's head.

A disappointed, irresolute glance, then with a shrill yell of rage, and a gesture of his clenched fist towards his foe, the savage leaped headlong into the waters. The clear stream closed over him. It was a full minute before he reappeared twenty feet from the spot.

At the same instant the sharp prow of Phil's boat struck the side of the light bark canoe, cutting it through as if it were paper. It rolled under the heavier boat, and reappeared in two sections. The rapid blow had entirely cut it in two.

Phil cast a glance at the swimming savage. A slight movement of the boat was made towards him. But a second thought came upon the rower. He might be imperiling the safety of his friends on the island. Somewhat reluctantly he gave the boat a quick whirl round, and commenced to ascend the stream, just as a chorus of yells broke from the eastern bank, and a half dozen bullets pattered on the water.

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNSEEN FOE.

Phil's progress back to the island was slow and cautious. He kept his craft carefully in the middle of the stream, and laughed at the bullets that continued to strike the water, wide enough of their object.

There seemed to be twenty of the savages, in the line that appeared on the eastern shore of the stream, and from whom cries of rage and derision continued to come. The eastern bank was lined with woods. Its savage occupants were invisible.

All this noise of cries and rifle shots had created an excitement upon the island. Jack Gray stood watching the movements of his comrade with the utmost eagerness and concern.

So intent was he, in fact, that he failed to notice that just behind him had gathered the other occupants of the island. The two females and Captain Wilson were watching the exciting chase with still greater interest than himself.

Laura could hardly suppress a cry of alarm, as she saw the savage fling his tomahawk at the daring boatman. She did not repress a cry of exultation as she witnessed the destruction of the Indian canoe.

"Well done, Phil Sawyer," said the old scout, heartily. "They can swim the Angelina if they want to cross it now."

"Would that be much of a task for the savages?" asked Captain Wilson.

"No. I calculate that will be their next move. The stream narrows below and above here. If it weren't for that I'd take to the boat and run the gauntlet."

"When will the moon set?" asked Miss Amberly.

"Not before daylight," said the scout. "If it would only come up cloudy now. There's a handful of mist up here to the north. I wonder if it means anything."

These remarks occupied two or three minutes, during which the boatman had turned and was rapidly forcing his light craft up stream.

"You have abandoned your post, captain," said the scout, in a somewhat reproachful tone. "You would not make a good fighter. I must take a look for myself, and see if any mischief has happened. Do you see the ladies back to their station. They are in danger here."

With a quick step he advanced to the post assigned to Captain Wilson, and gazed long and anxiously towards the western shore, and over the intervening water.

"Is all safe?" asked the captain, joining him.

"I don't know," he replied. "It is much too quiet there — dangerously quiet. There are three bloodthirsty red skins in that bit of woods. That signifies mischief."

"They cannot hurt us while we are here and they there. I have good eyes. Not a rat can swim that water unseen."

Jack Gray shook his head with increasing doubt.

"The moonlight is strong," he said. "Take care you don't make yourself a target for an Indian bullet. Keep under cover of your tree—I must return to my post."

He walked slowly down the bank, watching the western shore as he did so. The thick growth of cane only permitted an occasional glimpse.

He had real cause for his uneasiness, had he but known it. At that very instant an Indian warrior lay concealed beneath the water, on the edge of the screen of tall canes.

Only the head, with its hideous lines of paint, shaven scalp, and glaring eyes, were above the surface. The body lay hidden by the water.

The gathering of the defenders of the island at its lower point, and their close attention to the exciting chase, had not been unseen by their wily foes. The first thought of these enemies had been to fire upon them. But they were nearly hidden by the bushes. Such a course might only put them on their guard.

The next thought, instantly arrived at, was for the strongest and shrewdest of the warriors to swim to the island, while the attention of its guard was distracted, there conceal himself, and act as circumstances might suggest.

There was not a minute between design and execution. The savage was a bold and rapid swimmer, and succeeded in reaching the shelter of the bushy island shores before Jack Gray sought the captain's deserted post.

When Jack reached the lower end of the island, he found his associate just approaching the shore.

Phil had shrewdly kept near the middle of the stream, until covered from the wooded western shore by the thick bushes of their place of refuge. He then turned his prow to land, and struck the shore just above where Jack Gray stood on guard.

"A narrow let up that, Phil," said the latter, catching the rope of the canoe, and fastening it to a small sapling on the shore.

"I'm afeared it won't stop them long," said Phil. "I saw some of the red hounds making tracks down stream. They are going to swim it."

"There's this much certain, Phil Sawyer," said Jack, earnestly. "They have got no canoe. They might find it a dangerous bit of practice to swim the channel to the island. The attack is going to be from the west. We will have to keep our eyes and our rifles ready in that direction. I've got the women behind the ridge. Miss Amberly has sharp eyes. She'll report from that quarter."

"That cloud to the north is thickening," said Phil, pointing. "If it will only blot out the moon, we might make a break down stream. I don't enjoy these quarters."

He stepped ashore, carrying with him the oars of the canoe, with that habitual caution which is an instinct with the borderer.

The boat was left tied to the shore, and swung by the current under the shadow of the bushes.

"You have made your mark, Phil," said Jack, as the two proceeded to cross the island. "Not many young men would have done what you have this night."

The cheek of the youth colored with pleasure, at what he justly deemed high praise. There was no higher recommendation in those regions than the approval of the old scout. The latter's deeds of daring, as recounted to him by his father, had been one of the main incentives to his own course of life.

The western shore was still silent, and apparently deserted. Search it closely as they would, not an indication of life was anywhere visible. The moon shone full upon its leafy line of woods, silvering the tree tops, and shedding a clear lustre into every narrow opening of the verdant wall.

No living form was visible. It seemed as if only the peacefulness of nature brooded over that silent shore.

The light that fell full upon these woods threw the stations of the island defenders in shadow. Thick bushes rose between them and the moon, and they made little effort to conceal themselves, well satisfied that they could not be seen.

The canebrake that occupied a portion of the shore interfered somewhat with their facility of observation. It was decided between the scouts that Jack should resume his old post near the lower end of the island, Phil should relieve Captain Wilson, and that the latter should be stationed about the centre of the line of canes, where a slight opening made visible the opposite shore.

Miss Amberly sat pale but resolute at her station, her eyes fixed with sleepless vigilance upon the moonlit waters and the shadowy line of the shore.

Laura's alarm was fast yielding to the insidious approaches of sleep. She had taken unaccustomed exercise that day, and her head nodded half way between slumber and the effort to appear wakeful.

To all appearances the best possible measures had been taken for observation and defence with their small force. Unfortunately, no one dreamed that the enemy was already in their midst, and that the carelessness of Captain Wilson had placed them all in unsuspected danger.

Their savage foe yet lurked behind the canes, motionless and silent as death.

Every movement of the defenders of the island was borne to his acute sense of hearing. He made no effort to see. He was content to bide his time until solitude, weariness, and the absence of apparent danger might relax their vigilance, and open to him some opportunity for action.

He was well aware that his friends in the woods would patiently await his action—unless they should have reason to believe that he had been discovered.

Thus a full hour passed. The moon rose higher and higher, and poured its light more fully into the island recesses. The scouts remained motionless, but vigilant. Silence reigned supreme.

Captain Wilson's place of observation was not a very good one. But a narrow line of the water and a few yards of the river shore could be seen from the small opening through the canes. But, as he argued to himself, the scouts from their points of view, could see the whole line of the shore and stream. His duty seemed more in compliment to himself than for any essential service.

He thought of Miss Amberly, alone, or with only her frightened maid for company, perhaps suffering from deep but suppressed terror, perhaps in some unknown danger.

He could not rest longer on his post without seeing her. The scouts had no thought for female weakness and nervousness. It was his duty, as her companion, to not leave her so long alone under such fear-inspiring circumstances.

He would be absent but five minutes, and nothing, visible to his eyes, could escape the vigilance of the scouts during that period.

He little dreamed that a pair of fierce eyes were fixed upon him at that moment, that a savage form had worked its way with infinite deliberation through the canes, and was now almost within reaching distance of him.

His movement possibly saved Captain Wilson's life, for the Indian grasped his knife with a firm hand as he lay crouched in the canes.

Leaving his post the sentinel walked quickly across the narrow island to where Miss Amberly sat on guard.

He had not disappeared behind the ridge ere the savage drew himself up upon the grassy shore of the island, and commenced with a slow, snake-like movement, to creep to the summit of the ridge.

Hardly a bush moved in his passage. No sound arose, his dark form was not visible above the long grass through which he moved.

Reaching the summit of the ridge he partly rose, taking a long, keen observation of the whole island. He was able to see the positions of the different sentinels, and seemed by his first movements inclined to make a personal attack upon them. He may have hoped to destroy them silently and successively.

This idea, however, seemed to be given up, for he changed his course and sought the opposite shore of the island. Down this he made his way with the same serpent-like movement. With a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes he at length saw the boat, simply tied to the shore and unguarded.

In a moment more he was in the water beside it, and had severed the rope with a quick movement of his keen knife.

With a hand over the gunwale, his body still immersed in the water, he guided it slowly from shore, making his way out into the stream, and keeping the island shore between him and the unconscious scout, whose eyes were fixed firmly in the opposite direction.

Some distance eastward having been made he allowed the boat to drift down stream, still working it towards the eastern shore.

He had gained one hundred and fifty yards from the island when Miss Amberly, by a quick cry, announced her discovery of his action.

With an agile movement the savage threw himself into the boat, and standing erect, his dark body clearly defined against the moon-lit sky, gave vent to a wild whoop of exultation. The next instant he sank out of sight, and the boat drifted on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"LOVELY SAVAGES."

The Samoans, inhabitants of the Somoan or Navigators' Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, are described as being "the most lovely race of savages" which the narrator had ever had the fortune to meet. They have not the flat noses, thick lips, frizzled hair of the negro type, but have distinctly European features, and a very pleasing expression. The color of their skin is a rich golden; their whole costume is limited to a light fringe of grass round the waist, and the women confine themselves in the way of tattooing to a couple of thin blue lines across the lips. The men are of great physical strength and enormous stature; they have a queer disdain for us whites, and say that while we employ brute force, *e. g.*, Parrot guns, etc., like a bull, they have the reason and intellect of the child who runs away from the bull.

They live a happy, graceless life; the earth unasked produces her treasures in abundance; they have no need to dig when all is ready to their hand. They bask in the sunshine, or bathe in the cool waters of some retired cove, and cannot understand why we should come to thrust our business worries upon them, to buy their land and grow cotton and sugar and disfigure the romantic picturesqueness of their island with convenient but intrusive roads; and, above all, why we should send missionaries, who can't agree among themselves, and who attempt to introduce all-concealing garments of which the want was before unknown. It isn't half as pretty a dress as the garlands of fresh flowers with which they love to adorn themselves in their artless and primitive simplicity.

They are not moral according to our idea—far from it, but they have a strong sense of the æsthetic, and chastity does not rank as a virtue among them, where the reverse is no sin. They are very clever at hammering out shillings into rude silver rings between a couple of stones, and they also bring for sale little tortoise-shell ornaments inlaid with silver. They plaster their heads over with lime for a few days, which destroys the original color of the hair, and produces a loud saffron tinge. When a man becomes engaged, the fair *fiancee* often clips her flowing locks, and brings them to her Adonis, who plaits them in elaborately with his own, producing a most elaborate headdress.

MEDICINE-MONGERS AND QUACKS.—The first and oldest physicians made up their own medicines, and watched that they were duly administered to their patients. In progress of time, when medicine assumed a more scientific form, the physician instructed persons for the special purpose of collecting and dispensing medicines. A thousand years before the birth of Christ, the Asclepiades prepared, in the temple Cos, vegetable extracts, cataplasms, potions, and salves, and their performances must be considered as the first rudiments of pharmacy. On the other hand, those who, at the same time, or even afterwards, sold medicines under the denomination of salvers, plaisterists, medicine-mongers, and pharmacopoli, deserve not the name of pharmaceutists; they were nothing but colormen, poison mixers, and nostrum-mongers or quacks.

SELF-RESPECT.—Teach a man to think meanly and contemptibly of himself, to cast off all sense of character, and all consciousness of a superior nature, and moral persuasion can no more act upon such a man than if he were dead. A man may be addicted to many vices, and yet there may be a hope of reclaiming him. But the moment he loses all sense of character, and all consciousness of a superior nature—that is, the moment he begins to look upon himself and his vices as worthy of one another—that moment all hope of reclaiming him perishes.

IF we take a cold-blooded creature to our bosom, better that it should sting us at once and we should die, rather than that its chill should slowly steal into our hearts.

TRULY great men never become vulgarly intimate with each other. They sit apart as the gods, talking from peak to peak all round Olympus.

IT matters not how often you stoop, if what you stoop for is worth picking up.

AFTER ALL.

BY GIPSY WILDE.

After all is past:
Baby's laughter, childhood's reign,
Youth's bright morning free from pain,
All untrod the world's great plain—
What is ours at last?

After all is past:
Love, ambition, and *success*,
(Should it come to curse or bless;)
Hopes we trembled to express—
What is ours at last?

After all is past:
Sorrow that remained for years,
Heart-pains keen and burning tears,
Doubts and watchings, joys and fears—
What is ours at last?

After all is past
Dreams too bright for us to trust,
Idols fallen to the dust,
Covered with earth's mould and rust—
What is ours at last?

After all is past:
Then the *real* we shall see;
Joyous immortality,
On the shores of morn shall be
Ours at last!

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 3, Vol. 64. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WATCHING AT THE WINDOW.

We doubt if Millicent Lowe, in all the newness of her great sorrow, was more truly desolate, more utterly wretched, than Lady Lina Dacre, whom many people might be inclined to envy exceedingly.

The poor child had wept all her tears by this time, and was calm, because she had no more strength for violent grief.

Mr. Carthen had written to Lord Dacre, asking his consent to an engagement with Lady Clementina; and, as the earl desired nothing better than to have him for a son-in-law, his answer was, of course, in the affirmative.

Lord Dacre wondered a little, not at the application itself, for he had expected something of the kind, but at the daughter whom Mr. Carthen had chosen. All his attention had been for Lina; and Lord Dacre felt greatly inclined to blame him for having misled them all.

He feared that Lina had suffered. Once he thought to question her; but Lina, who, conscious of her painful secret, was terribly sensitive, slipped out of his encircling arms, directly he began to talk about her looks, and fled.

"I am quite well, dear papa, and I am going on the terrace to look for violets. Good-bye"

He saw her skirts fluttering amongst the trees, but not a glimpse did he catch of her afterwards until dinner-time.

"Lina, you are looking very pale," said Lady Dacre, apparently noticing it for the first time.

"Perhaps she is love-sick, mamma," answered Lady Clementina, with a cruel little laugh. "Mr. Carthen is impertinent enough to declare that this is a very common complaint with young ladies."

"I don't believe Mr. Carthen said anything of the kind," retorted Wilfred.

He saw by Lady Clementina's manner that she meant to sting Lina; and the way the latter shrank and trembled at the other's bitter jest roused Wilfred's spirit. He had always loved Lina much the best of his two sisters—as, indeed, did all the household.

Lady Clementina gave him a disdainful glance of inquiry.

"How do you know that?"

"Because, although no doubt Beauchamp Carthen has his faults like other men, he is neither a coxcomb nor a donkey."

"My dear Wilfred!" said Lady Dacre, admonishingly.

"I beg your pardon, mamma; only I don't like to hear a man maligned."

"Beauchamp can take his own part, I daresay," said Lady Clementina, haughtily.

"If he were here I would leave him to do it, for he is out of my favor, I can tell you."

"Why?"

"I thought he was a man of honor," said Wilfred, hotly; "and I have found out my mistake, that is all."

"I will tell him what you say."

"I have no doubt you will, Clementina; there's nothing you enjoy so much as making mischief."

"Wilfred, I don't like to hear you speak so discourteously to your sister," said Lord Dacre.

"I fancy she deserves more than I am likely to say, father."

"I shall be very unhappy, of course, to hear that any part of my conduct has excited your disapprobation," said Lady Clementina, disdainfully; "but you have my fullest permission to express your opinion openly. I only spoke in jest, just now; I could speak in earnest, if I choose."

At this minute the gong sounded, and Lady Dacre rose, with a look of relief.

"Wilfred," she said, by way of separating the combatants, "you will give me your arm to-night, and let papa take the two girls. The Marquis of Dawford has so often honored us with his company of late, that I quite miss him. However, he will be here to luncheon to-morrow."

"Do you like him, then?" inquired Wilfred, as they crossed the hall.

"Yes, very well, for an acquaintance."

"And for a son-in-law?"

"I prefer Mr. Carthen in that position."

"But don't you see that the marquis means to have Lina, if he can get her?"

"It looks like it, certainly."

"And would you sanction such a match?"

"If Lina accept him, I have nothing to say."

"Poor child! She is persecuted to death."

Lady Dacre opened her eyes wide upon her son.

"My dear Wilfred, what do you mean? Who persecutes Lina, pray?"

"Clementina."

"You must be mistaken. I never see anything of the kind."

"I do."

"My dear Wilfred, if you remember, it always was your habit to see more than really existed."

If Lady Dacre had not been his mother, Wilfred would have retorted that it had always been her habit to see less than really existed; as it was, respect kept him silent. And Lady Dacre began to help the soup, and forgot all about it.

The next day the Marquis of Dawford came early. He had determined to have his answer. He was getting tired of all this delay, and wanted the question settled. He was not a young and ardent wooer, but he fancied a young wife at the head of his table, and he wanted to get her with as little trouble as possible. Lady Clementina did all she could to encourage him and keep him patient; but the Marquis had made up his mind he would have a yes or no before he left that day.

He sent a message to Lina's room, that he would like to see her, if she would kindly grant him an interview.

And lo! it was Lady Clementina who came, crossing the room with a stately step and smiling eyes.

The old marquis looked at her with admiration, and almost wondered that he had not thought of her instead of Lady Lina, who was only a pretty child after all.

"Lina has such a terrible headache," said Clementina, in her most dulcet voice, "she is lying down for a time. I advised her to do so, lest she should not be able to appear at all."

"Is she in a better frame of mind, do you think, than when I saw her last?"

"She is most charmingly docile, my lord, and you will be delighted, I am sure. She was speaking this morning of the jewels she meant to wear when she was presented on her marriage, so that it is quite clear her mind is made up."

"That certainly looks like it," answered the old marquis, stroking his white beard. "I didn't think myself she would hold out long."

"Not likely, my lord. I believe she is very sorry now to have given you so much trouble."

"I wish you would try and find out for me how she would like the family jewels arranged. One does not like to press such questions too early; and yet I think you will agree with me that the marriage cannot take place too soon after everything is settled. I am not a lad, you know, that I should be expected to change my mind; and, of course, she ought to be sure of hers before she accepts my offer."

"Oh, dear, yes!"

"But I shall trust everything to you, Lady Clementina. I feel certain that you will do your best for my interests, and I have no doubt that Lina trusts a good deal to your judgment."

"I try to secure her real happiness. Some of these days she will thank me with her whole heart for having promoted this marriage."

"I should be very sorry to disagree with you, Lady Clementina."

"I shall go back to Lina now, if your lordship will excuse me, and prepare her for your interview. I quite think it will be all right now."

"I hope so; and, indeed, I think it my duty to tell you that, if Lady Lina should show herself impracticable today, I shall not persevere in my suit. I must consider what is due to myself; and a man of my rank ought not to have to sue so often."

"I entirely agree with you; but, of course, Lina is young, and, at her age, girls are apt to fancy they have the whole world to choose from. However, I feel sure you will have no reason to complain now. Here comes papa, Lord Dawford. You won't think me presuming when I ask you not to speak to him about Lina until after she has settled everything herself."

"I had not intended doing so."

"Thank you."

And Lady Clementina glided away, just as Lord Dacre entered at another door, and carried the marquis off to look at a new steam plough he was just going to try.

Lady Clementina had only an hour before her—an hour in which to decide poor Lina's whole future—or rather to force her into sealing her own misery. And Lady Clementina had taken a wicked oath to herself that the Marquis of Dawford should win a wife that day.

Lina was lying on the sofa when Lady Clementina entered. She had a miserable headache, and hoped to cure it by keeping quiet in a darkened room. But, at the sight of her sister's resolute face and compressed lips, Lina gave herself up for lost.

"I have no courage for resistance today," she thought, "I feel so utterly weak and sorrowful."

And yet Lina armed herself to resist her sister's cruel will. She would struggle as long as her strength lasted, and perhaps some merciful chance might take Clementina away before the question was settled, and her weakness had made her accept a life of unredeemed misery.

"I have such a terrible headache," said Lina, plaintively. "I hope you have nothing very important to talk about, for I am afraid I cannot really listen."

"I shall not keep you long, Lina—but the marquis——"

"Oh, pray—pray don't let us have anything more about the marquis!" said Lina, petulantly. "I actually shudder when I hear his name."

"The fact is, Lina, you are prejudiced against him."

"That is quite true, and, therefore, it would be wrong of me to think of him for a husband."

"One is not a natural sequence to the other, by any means. You dislike Lord Dawford now, perhaps, or pretend to do so. When you really know him, you will regard him with very different feelings."

"I don't want to know him better, and I am quite satisfied with my present feelings towards him."

"Lina, you really annoy me."

"Then why discuss the subject, that is all. It was none of my seeking."

"Because I want to spare you shame. Mr. Carthen is watching this little drama with a kind of triumph and curiosity that is specially disagreeable to me. He says that you will not marry the marquis, and I want you to disappoint him. I don't see why you should flatter his vanity by refusing such a grand match for his sake."

"Why must it necessarily be for his sake?" said Lina, faintly.

"That is too evident—evident to all. When Beauchamp introduced me to Dr. Robinson as his future wife, what do you think he said?"

"How should I know?"

"He said, 'I am afraid there is one little lady at the Park who will break her heart over these tidings. Every one could see that she expected something of this kind herself.'"

"How shamefully insolent!"

"People will talk; you can't stop that. The only thing is to give them as little occasion as possible."

"I never gave them any. I merely received Mr. Carthen's attentions; I did not court them."

"He has certainly a good heart, if you have made him vain; and although he might be a little annoyed at first at your getting over your love-fit so easily, I believe in the end he would be glad to have you off his conscience."

"If he does not admit having given me any encouragement," said Lina, scornfully, "I do not see why I need be on his conscience at all."

"This is what I should wish to avoid; and, by-the-by, I had quite forgotten, Beauchamp sent you a line in the long letter I received from him last night."

Poor Lina held out her tremulous hand eagerly, and her eyes seemed to devour the written words.

I beseech you to marry the Marquis of Dawford. My darling Clementina blames me so much for having unconsciously encouraged your love for me, that I can only be relieved by knowing that you are able to cast off this care, and seek alleviation, and, I hope, ultimate cure, in the great world. Your future brother.

BEAUCHAMP CARTHEN.

Hot tears of mortification and rage were in Lina's blue eyes.

Mr. Carthen, having a kind of terrified faith in her constancy, thought it necessary to give her a good lecture, and blame himself a little in order to console her.

"His 'darling Clementina' and he seem to discuss my feelings without much delicacy," thought the poor child; "and he signs himself my future brother, as if he fears I have still other hopes. How I must have misjudged him in the infatuation of my love, if the Mr. Carthen I loved was the Mr. Carthen who wrote these lines! Assuredly he has a coarse nature—an entire lack of all refined perceptions, an overweening vanity, and boastful lips. I surely cannot like him still! If I do, I will mortify myself until every vestige of this affection is gone, and I can look upon my 'future brother' in a way that will relieve him from all possible anxiety on my account. Dr. Robinson will not dare to say that the Marchioness of Dawford, with her cold eyes and white cheeks, was ever a love-sick girl."

Lady Clementina was watching her sister — watching every shadow that passed across her fair young face, and was able to interpret each changing expression aright. At first, the sweet lips were curled in scorn, then quivering with emotion, and finally they took a resolute fold. Lady Clementina grew hopeful then.

"That last arrow went home," she said to herself. "I shall be able to do what I like with Lina now."

"I hope I haven't made your head worse," said Lady Clementina, who, now she fancied her object was attained, felt inclined to be gracious.

Lina did not answer this question; she merely looked at the clock.

"It is nearly time to dress, Clementina. I see your hand is close to the bell; will you be good enough to ring?"

It was not Lina who spoke then, but the marchioness, and Clementina recognized the difference by her tone and manner both.

"Yes," she said, "I will ring; but I wish you would let me arrange your hair, just for the sake of showing Fannie how it ought to be done. She has no notion of what is becoming."

Lina sat down listlessly.

"Do as you like," she said; "I am quite indifferent."

"Not at eighteen."

"It doesn't go by actual years. When you lose the hopes of youth, you lose the feeling of youth."

"You take the tone of a martyr," returned Clementina.

"I don't mean to flaunt my troubles in the world's face, you may be sure. They may picture me happy if they like. I only wish the picture were true."

Her mournful young voice gave Lady Clementina a momentary feeling of pity. But it was only momentary. She had gone too far to retract now. If she began to see that Mr. Carthen would never love her as he had loved Lina, and would put off their marriage as long as he dared, she could not undo what she had done, and give him his liberty without confessing everything; for an explanation between these two must criminate her. So she resolved to carry the matter through. Besides, she loved Mr. Carthen, and sometimes she fancied that her patient devotion must win him. And only to win Mr. Carthen wholly, actually for her own, Lady Clementina, who had the one rare gift of courage, would have walked up to the cannon's mouth undaunted, and met the risk of death without a tremor or a sigh.

She took the smooth, silky masses of Lina's blonde hair in her hands, but as she did so, she suddenly remembered how Mr. Carthen, speaking once of women, when he had not thought her listening, had said that he could see no beauty in a brunette. Lady Clementina dropped the golden mass as if it had stung her, and it fell sweeping over Lina's white dressing-gown like a mantle. Lady Clementina turned away, sick with envy.

"If you don't really mind, Fanny may as well do it. I shall only be soiling my hands for nothing."

"Did you ring?"

"No," answered Lady Clementina, sharply.

Lina rose herself then, with unconscious dignity, and gave the necessary summons. There was not a word spoken until Fanny appeared, and then Lady Clementina swept out, and was gone.

Lina wondered a little what had produced this sudden change in her sister; and then, her mind being full of her own troubles, she thought no more about it.

Fanny did her best with her young mistress' toilette, but she could not hide the look of pain and sorrow in the blue eyes, or remove the deep purple rings that encircled them. But a headache is always a good excuse for such appearances, and Lina comforted herself that this would prove a sufficient explanation.

The marquis handed her a chair with officious gallantry when she entered, and inquired after her headache in a tone of the softest solicitude.

Lina answered quietly that it was better.

"Could you spare me a few minutes after luncheon?"

She schooled herself to say with perfect calmness, "Certainly, my lord."

The old marquis looked infinitely delighted.

It signified assuredly that she would not say him nay, presently, when he asked the momentous question which was to decide her fate and his.

It seemed to Lina that they were a long time at table! She longed for, and yet dreaded, this interview—longed to have it over, dreaded to speak the irrevocable words which must never be recalled. But since it had to be done, the sooner the better, for the excitement of even this brief suspense, and the agony of her

mind, were almost intolerable. She fancied that she should be easier when it was done, and she yearned for Mr. Carthen to know that his wishes had been gratified, and he would have the pleasure of seeing her cured of all affection for her "future brother," and that right speedily. She wrote him a few lines later, and gave the note to Clementina to enclose in her own. In this she told him, indignantly, that she rejected his counsels *in toto*, and should act as regarded Lord Dawford exactly as inclination prompted her. This she signed, "Your future sister-*in-law*, Lina Dacre."

It pleased Lady Clementina to send this letter just as it was, because Lina had only just said what Mr. Carthen might see, and would expect to see, from all she had told him. If there had been one single word that could betray her, we may be sure that it would not have gone.

When luncheon was over the marquis went up to Lina, and, bowing down before her, said:

"I claim the fulfillment of your promise, Lady Lina. The sun is warm on the terrace; will you walk with me there a little while?"

"I will fetch my hat and cloak," she replied; and thankful even for this brief respite, shut and locked herself in her own room, and then conscientiously destroyed every memento she had preserved of her old sweet love. There was only one thing she kept that could remind her of Mr. Carthen, and that was the letter she had received from him that day. She wanted this to keep her true to her resolution; to show her the utter folly of clinging to the past. This done, she went down bravely to meet her future husband.

The marquis was waiting for her at the bottom of the stairs; and, offering her his arm, he led her out upon the terrace.

Lady Clementina, breathless and eager, knelt by her own window, and watched. She had the edge of the curtain in her hand, and raised it slightly, in order that she might be able to see all that was passing below.

The marquis walked once the length of the terrace in silence; and then he ventured to take possession of the little gloved hand resting on his arm.

Lina did not withdraw it.

Lady Clementina laughed softly to herself behind the blind. It is not often that the schemes of wicked people prosper as her's had prospered.

"Lina," said the old marquis, in a soft, persuasive tone, "I hope you will allow me to keep this little hand forever! I have coveted it a good while now!"

"I am afraid I should make your lordship but a poor wife."

"Why should you?"

"Because, my lord, I think it right to tell you that I have no heart to give you. Of course, I will try and do my duty; but where I fail, you must make allowance, remembering that I am but young, and the world is all new to me."

"My dear Lina, why not wait until I complain before you make such excuses?"

"Because you ought to know everything that concerns me, as you have done me the honor of asking me to be your wife."

"I have no questions to ask."

"But you have quite understood me?"

"I believe so. You tell me that you have no heart to give me; but I am willing to wait, trusting that all will come right in time."

"You are very kind."

They walked back in silence. Lina was trying to command herself; the marquis was enjoying his little triumph, and wondering whether Lina would be satisfied with the family diamonds as they were, and so save him the expense of having them reset.

He was not an amiable character, assuredly—not half worthy of that tender, earnest, conscientious young creature, whom Lady Clementina, by cruel artifices, had caused to sacrifice herself to him; but he fancied, nevertheless, that he was doing Lady Lina an immense honor by asking her in marriage, and settling on her some of the immense fortune which he had accumulated. He meant to tie it up in such a way, however, that she should only enjoy a small part of it if she married again. But he pretended to be vastly amiable now. Pressing the cold little fingers against his heart, he asked, in a suasive whisper, when Lady Lina would give him it for his very own.

"You know," he said, "I am too old to wait for my happiness. I ask you to be good enough to consider this, and make my term of probation as short as you conveniently can."

Lina looked from side to side, restlessly, as if longing to make her escape. In her passionate repulsion, she suddenly snatched her hand out of his grasp. The dark, eager face at the window overhead became suddenly very pale and stern.

But Lord Dawford, who was both vain and obtuse, and, therefore, could not realize all that this action implied, took it back into his keeping, and murmured, in his most persuasive accents:

"May I dare to fix this day month?"

"Oh, no," she began, and then checked herself suddenly.

If it must be, it was as well over.

"You will not refuse me?" he said.

Lina gathered together all her courage, and answered him steadily:

"My lord, it shall be as you wish."

"My sweetest girl!" he muttered; and drawing her towards him, kissed her cheek.

There was no more room for doubt now; and so the curtain fell suddenly back into its place, and the dark face at the window disappeared.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

OUT OF PRISON.

Old Mark was fined; and as he could not pay the fine, he was, of course, sent to prison in default. This, and the fact of Nat's peril, entirely broke his spirit. When the prison doors were open to him, he stood lingering on the threshhold, irresolute.

Where was he to go now?

If he went back to his solitary home, there was no one to welcome him—none to bring him food. It was hard for a man to be forced to starve in the midst of plenty; but he saw no other prospect. Even if he could have got work now, he would hardly have had strength to do it; for this one fortnight had made old Mark look and feel twenty years older. The bright color had been washed out of his cheeks; the keen eye was dull; the lips drawn down at the corners. Altogether he was so altered, that Milly, who met him by the way, could hardly realize that it was the same person.

She came up to him with her hand extended frankly. Did it become her to show pride towards this poor old man, who had just been released from the same prison where her lover was languishing?

"Ah, Miss Milly!" he said, in a melancholy voice; "you are one of the right sort! You arn't ashamed of your neighbors just because they happen to be unfortunate."

Old Mark recognized his imprisonment as a misfortune, simply.

"I hope not," answered Milly, quietly. "I am the last person in the world to be hard upon others."

"I don't see that, Miss Milly, for I don't believe you ever did a wicked thing in all your life."

"Oh, yes; over and over again! I disobeyed poor papa, and gave him pain—I know that."

And Milly's tears began to flow. The very best daughter in the world may find something in her past conduct to regret, when the parent she loved is laid low in the grave.

Old Mark did not understand how to comfort the girl; still, he remembered that when his wife died, he tortured himself with the notion that he had been harsh to her, though her last words were, "You've been a good husband to me, Mark; I wish we might have had a little longer time to-gether." And so, perhaps, it might please Milly to hear that other people had felt the same as her.

He told her this little story with a kind of rough pathos, which, coming from him, was infinitely touching.

"I suppose it is always so," she said; "only that I have reason for reproach, really, and you had none. And, Mark, tell me, what are you going to do?"

"I am going home, I expect," he said, in rather a bitter accent. "It's a lucky thing the cottage is my own, Miss Milly, or I don't suppose I should have a roof to cover my head. It's the way of the world, you know, to kick a man when he is down."

"I hope not."

"It isn't your way; but then there isn't many like you, Miss Milly, the more the pity! Who do you think I met in the town to-day, as I came out of gaol?"

"One of your old friends?"

"Ah! Pierce is his name. You know him, Miss Milly. Many's the night he's been abroad with me, though I don't want you to tell on him; and, when he saw me coming, he turned down another street to get out of the way."

"For shame!"

"And he wasn't no better than me, just because he happened to get away, when I was caught?"

"But you won't poach any more now, Mark?"

He shoook his head dubiously.

"It's just bred in me, Miss Milly, and there's no denying of it. But they took me at the wrong time. I wasn't doing much harm then, only taking a bird home for the next day's dinner, the cupboard being bare."

"You weren't starving, Mark?"

"Pretty near it, Miss Milly—pretty near! If it hadn't been that we found victuals on the table one night, in a very mysterious way, I don't believe but what we should have been dead and gone by this—both of us."

"I took you more the next night, but you were away then."

"Was it you, Miss Milly?"

"Why, to be sure, Mark! I thought you would certainly guess."

"No; we thought it was a spirit. There had been some rather odd things happen before that, and we put it down to the same; although Nat did say, too, that the ale had a taste of your last brewing."

"Fancy being taken for a spirit!" said Milly, with the first smile on her sweet lips that had visited them for many a long day. "I never dreamt of remaining undiscovered. I thought you would be certain that it could be no other than me."

"And you brought the second lot, too! It was good and noble of you, Miss Milly; but if I had known, I would have asked you to speak a word for me at the trial. I excused myself by saying I was starving; but when the keepers got to the cottage, and found a good supper set, they wouldn't believe me, of course, and so it went harder with me than it might have done. But I dare say you wouldn't object to speaking of this when poor Nat's tried. He hasn't much chance of getting off, they tell me; but I should like to do what I could for the lad."

"That I will, Mark. I wish I could help him more."

"I know the right man, Miss Milly, but they'll never believe my word. He's been beforehand with me, you see, and has got a hearing. When I tell the truth, Lawyer Stark will browbeat me down, and ask them what they mean by listening to a man who has just come out of prison for stealing."

"True; there's the principle all the same. You wouldn't like to have anything taken from you, you had been at the trouble to rear, even if it were a common bird you had caught out of the hedge, and taken a fancy to."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if there was two sides to the question," answered old Mark, drearily; "but it doesn't signify now, if the lad were to get off. But there's no chance of that. It's odd, Miss Milly, but twice I dreamt I saw Nat standing on the scaffold, with the noose round his neck, and the people groaning and hissing below. It was all as natural as life, Miss Milly; only," and he lowered his voice to a whisper, "I haven't dreamt it three times yet, and I dread to go to bed for fear I should."

"But thinking of it all day would very likely make you dream of it at night."

"I shouldn't wonder; only I can't help it. You see, when you have only got one, it comes hard to have to part with him."

"Ah, it does, indeed, Mark," she answered, with true sympathy. "Only you must try, or rather we must both try, to hope that they will get off. My heart is as much bound up in the issue of that trial as yours is. I lose everything, too, if I lose Herbert Benson."

"Then it is all come right between you, if it isn't too great a liberty to ask?"

"I am keeping the farm on for him," she said, with a faint smile on her sweet lips. "If he gets free, he will come here as master, and I shall stay, too."

"That would be a bonny day for Lansdown, Miss Milly."

"They used to like him," said Milly, rather bitterly; "but they are all against him now."

"That's the way of the world, you see."

"Then I hate the world," she answered, passionately. "Trouble always draws me closer to those I love."

"But you are different to most. Even the rats forsake a falling house, and so it seems as if it was nature."

"Animal nature, but not human nature, surely, Mark?"

"Arn't they the same, then?" said the old man, unconscious of epigram. "I always thought they was."

"It's enough to make one think so, certainly, when one sees such wretched cowards, who are afraid to be seen speaking fair to a man who is only unfortunate. I'll defy the people to prove that Herbert Benson ever did any one an ill turn in all his life."

"That's true, Miss Milly; but, you see, it was going a poachin' that first set folks against him. I begged him not to. Says I 'You'll break Miss Milly's heart.' 'No,' says he; as straightforward as possible, 'she'll thank me for what I am doing now.'"

"Ah!" sighed Milly, the tears raining down her cheeks; "he has the warmest heart that ever beat. He sinned for my sake."

Old Mark started a little, but as she did not mean to tell him her secrets, she turned the subject speedily.

"Now," she said, "let us talk about you, Mark. Will you come to work on the farm?"

"I don't expect you'd have me, Miss Milly."

"Yes, I would; the only thing is, I must be able to tell people that you have given up poaching."

"I think I'm harmless enough, now, Miss Milly. All the fire is gone out of my veins, and there is ice in its place. I don't expect I shall give any more offence, unless temptation gets too strong for me; and then I'll promise you faithfully that if I go poachin' over night, I'll come and give you warning myself the next morning."

"Very well; then we shall expect you to-morrow. And, Mark, I am afraid your cupboard is empty at home?"

"Ah, Miss Milly, the cupboard is bare, and the hearth cold."

"Come back home with me, then."

Milly's great sorrow had made her so tender and pitiful, that at the very thought of this man's desolate home and empty purse, her heart melted within her.

She took him within her own kitchen—caring nought what the world might say—and there she fed and warmed him, and cheered him with soft words. Old Mark, looking at her, as the glow of the fire reddened her cheeks, brightened her eyes, and gave sudden brief animation to her face, thought that no angel could be more lovely.

And old Mark eat his fill, and was thankful.

At eight o'clock he went home, and Milly opened the door for him with her own hands, and bade him good night quietly.

"And mind," she said, "if you dream about that again to-night, you mustn't be frightened, because it will be only that you have talked and thought about it all day."

In the yard, old Mark encountered Tommy Wilson. He had a lantern in his hand, as if he had just come out of the cow-lodge, and by its light the old poacher could see that the idiot's face had wasted, and grown very wan of late. He looked at the other very wistfully, and his lips moved strangely, seeming to shape words that might never find utterance. He followed old Mark a little way, as if he were struggling with some sense or feeling within him that would fain have had vent; for his features were contorted, and his mouth curved low at the corners. But even if he could have found some way of relieving himself, he did not choose; for as old Mark turned down the lane towards his cottage, Tommy looked after him, with the old wistful expression that the other had recognized before, and then leaped over the wall into the yard, and disappeared.

The trial of Herbert Benson had to wait, for over two months he and Nat languished in prison; and Milly, who dared not ask to see him yet, though she longed, above all things, to show him the paper her father had written and signed just before his death, felt as if the suspense and dread were almost killing her.

"Only I *will* live," she said, to herself, with a kind of passionate defiance, "I *will* live, that I may be there to welcome him out of prison, and comfort for all his sorrow."

And so her noble faith endured always, and her love suffered no change.

Once she met Lord Oakland in walking to old Nanny's cottage, near which he often waited about in hopes of seeing her; but when he began by declaring that his love had mastered him so entirely now that she had only to speak, and he would make her his wife, she said to him, gently, yet proudly, "my lord, the misunderstanding that existed between Mr. Benson and myself is now entirely removed, and I belong to him, living or dead."

"Oh, Milly, reflect!" he urged. "Even if Mr. Benson should get off, there will be a taint on his name which nothing can ever wash away; and, I offer you a high position, the share of my title, and love greater than his ever could have been."

"Ah, my lord," she said, faintly, "Herbert Benson has done more for me than you could ever do; and if he dies, I shall know that he died for me."

"You are infatuated, he answered, almost fiercely. "If he dies, it will be because the law finds that he took Flax's life."

"You don't understand," she said, "but I know."

"I understand that he is accused of murder, and, moreover, is very likely to be convicted."

His jealousy made him speak with rude candor, and Milly turned upon him with sudden scorn.

"Thank you," she said, "for speaking as you have done, I liked you before; now I hate you!"

"Milly!"

But she made him a stately bow, and disappeared into old Nanny's cottage. All his efforts were unsuccessful in obtaining another interview after this; for at the sight of him in the distance she would dart away like a frightened fawn, and shut herself up in her own house for the rest of the day.

Meanwhile, old Mark kept steadily to work. People blamed her for encouraging him, she knew; and even Mr. Benson, Herbert's father, who came now often to talk of his son to the only person who believed in him as he did, told her that from every point of view her act of charity had been a mistake.

"But why?" she asked.

"Because, my dear," he said, "when you give evidence at the trial, the judge will point out that you have an evident sympathy for poachers, and, therefore, are not to be relied on."

"But I shall tell them he was literally starving."

"Well, you must do as you like, Milly; only it was right to warn you. And I am greatly afraid, too, that you will be disappointed in old Mark. He has always been a confirmed poacher, and, I fancy, directly he gets money to buy powder and shot, traps, etc., he'll return to his old haunts."

"I hope not. He has behaved very well so far."

"Ah, well; you haven't tried him long."

"I think you are wrong there. Old Mark means well, and there is a certain rough frankness about him which is taking. I would give anything to make him respectable, and keep him so."

Then the subject dropped. The next morning, the bailiff missed old Mark from his work at the usual hour, and came to acquaint Milly of the fact as soon as she had risen.

"Let one of the men go to his cottage and see. I am afraid he must be ill."

"He was all right last night."

"Yes, I know; but old men are sometimes taken suddenly, and he has a good deal of trouble, remember, lately."

"Trouble of his own making," grumbled the bailiff, who had no sympathy for old Mark, and was ashamed that he should be working on the farm which he managed. "If he had brought the lad up properly, he wouldn't have served him in this way."

"That's true, Meak; but do any of us do our exact duty?"

"That's all right," replied Meak, relenting. "Only folks talk so about our having him here to work."

"They may say what they like," said Milly, with spirit.

"Just as you like," he answered, looking a little abashed, "I will send one of the men directly."

Half way between the farm and old Mark's cottage, the messenger found the man he was going in search of, sitting in the hedge, hanging his head dejectedly, and whistling softly to himself.

"Hallo, Mark!" he shouted; "you are just the man I want."

The old poacher started, and turned scarlet.

"What do you want me for?"

"The mistress sent me after you. She thought you was ill, because you didn't come to work this morning."

"No, I ain't ill," he said, confusedly.

"Then what's up?"

"I am going to see Miss Milly," replied old Mark, clearly evading the question. "All I've got to say, I shall tell her."

"You are grumpy this morning, it seems!"

"Maybe I am."

The lad laughed a little, and went back to his work, leaving old Mark to follow.

When the latter reached the farm, he was ushered, by a disdainful maid, into Milly's own little parlor.

"Well, Mark!" she said, pleasantly, "I was afraid you were ill."

"No, Miss Milly."

"Then what kept you away this morning? You are so regular generally."

Old Mark turned his head on one side, struggling with some feeling; and then he said, in a stifled voice:

"It's no use, Miss Milly—no use. I have tried, harder than you've a notion, but it's in my blood, somehow; and, though you may starve it out, it comes again directly I get my strength back. I thought I had got myself out of it—I did, indeed. But it wasn't a bit of use. Here I am, as bad as ever—and after all my promises, too!"

Old Mark's wistful penitence—his self-distrust—would have been almost comical, if they had not been so touching.

"Tell me what tempted you?"

"Well, I was going along home last night, and just as I got to the turn of the wood, I saw as pretty a covey of birds get up as any one could wish to set eyes on. My blood began to dance a little; but I held off, then, Miss Milly, upon my word, although it had given me notions I didn't want to know anything about again. I went in-doors as quick as I could, and got my supper, and was just forgetting all about the birds, when they came and settled in the meadow next my garden; and I'm much mistaken if it wasn't the very same covey, sent by the Evil One on purpose to make me break my word! I had the gun hanging up, and it was loaded, but I didn't know, upon my honor, Miss Milly, as it would go off, Nat having charged it so long ago as before he was sent to prison. However, I couldn't resist, nohows. I put it to you, if it was in human nature to stand by and see them birds rising on the wing, and not to bring one or two of 'em down, if you could? You'd have itched to do it yourself, Miss Milly, if you had been there: I'm sure you would!"

"But I should have remembered my promise, Mark, I think."

"All the time they was sitting, but not when they rose, Miss Milly!" he answered, decidedly.

"I can't understand it's being a pleasure to kill any thing, Mark, and that is the truth."

"Because you wasn't born a sportsman; but, you see, unfortunately, I was."

"The more the pity."

"That's right, Miss Milly!" said the old poacher, humbly. "It's what may be called a curse to have such a failing as that. The only thing is how are you to get rid of it when it's once come?"

"You see, Mark, if you had resisted temptation last night, you would have found it easier the next time; but, having once given way, I'm afraid there's no chance for you."

"I don't wonder at your thinking so, Miss Milly, it looks bad, doesn't it? only somehow, I've had such an uncomfortable feeling ever since I did it, that I fancy the recollection of it would cool my ardor next time. However, I don't ask you to look over it, and I won't make any more promises, because you won't believe me if I did. Only, I've brought the birds, Miss Milly. There was two went down, as pretty a shot as ever you saw; but if I was to eat a mouthful it would choke me, knowing what they cost."

"Very well, then; leave them here, and go to work!"

"Go to work!"

Old Mark stared at her incredulously, repeating the words slowly—"Go to work!"

"Yes, you are late this morning, and Meak is busy."

"You haven't forgot about the promise?"

"No; you have given me warning, haven't you?

"I meant to."

"And I don't choose to accept it, that is all."

Old Mark still looked incredulous. Such news as this was too good to be true.

"But I don't dare promise anything," he murmured.

"And I don't ask it. Do your best to keep right, Mark, and I will trust you; and mind, not a word of all this to the other men. Tell Meak you have explained everything to me, and I am satisfied, and then he will say no more. I am mistress here until—until the master comes."

So saying, she opened the door, and sighed, and smiled a little, too, as she sent him away. If Mark had evil dreams, Milly had bright ones; and she still dared to hope, that the "master," as she already termed him, would be coming soon, to claim all that she had to give.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COURTSHIP IN GERMANY.

German girls may not be so handsome or so clever as Americans, but they generally look healthy and fresh, and they have "Hauslichkeit." Now there is no other quality that German men of the middle class prize in their wives as "Hauslichkeit," or domesticity. Look through the popular literature of the country, romance and poetry, and it will appear that this is the sum of wifely virtues. The young girls are very carefully trained in this respect by their mothers, and at the age at which they marry they are nearly always equal to the domestic duties of their position. They know how to knit men's hose, and to deal out rations to the servants. In the little parties at the beer house or garden the young lady is expected to make the necessary display of her domestic accomplishments, aided, of course, by judicious hints from the mother. If the objective man be an industrious artizan or thrifty tradesman, the maiden drinks sparingly of beer, eats a piece of ham or sausage instead of a beefsteak, and knits on some useful and substantial garment. If he be a banker's son, belonging, say, one grade higher socially, but attracted by a pretty face, the tactics are different. The girl is permitted to be a little more forward. Instead of knitting she works at some light embroidery; she takes not only a beefsteak, but a beefsteak *aux champignons;* she chatters a good deal about the opera, and even about Renz's Circus; and in short her whole manner is lighter and freer.

If the first class of candidates are to be captured by the steady, persistent work of infantry, the movement for the rich "catches" is more like a cavalry charge. An observant young man can generally tell by the second evening at the beer garden if he has found favor with the mother. If, on his appearance the second evening at the rendezvous, she innocently offers him a place beside the daughter, or accidently makes a place for him as it were in the confusion of the moment, he knows at once that one formidable outpost is carried, and worse than that, if he be himself indifferent, he knows that a sharp matron is filling his path with traps and pitfalls. Perhaps the most interesting scene is a mother who, at a public place like that, has three or four daughters to adjust among as many ardent and reluctant suitors. We can compare it to nothing but a cook watching half a dozen beefsteaks in different degrees of preparation. From the pair who are most advanced in their wooing, and may be left pretty much to themselves, to the pair who least harmonize, and consequently need the most discreet attention and encouragement—from the one of these extremes to the other, along the intermediate grades of connubial readiness, the care of this watchful mother ranges and operates.

The young ladies play their parts demurely, but with a good deal of skill. In default of a public announcement of a betrothal, people in the habit of watching the actors from evening to evening may tell by one infallible sign when the happy climax is reached. As soon as the swain begins to pay the young lady's reckoning in addition to his own, depend on it they are engaged. Up to that time the maiden's Gansebraten has been reckoned at the close of every evening with the account of the family, and paid for by the fond parent; but now the burden has been lightened. The future son-in-law meets his sweetheart's expenses, but them alone. Even if there be nobody else with them but the mother, she always pays her own bill. Night after night one may see at the same restaurants a young man pay for himself and his sweetheart, while the worthy matron just as regularly is left to the resources of her own purse. If the three visit the theatre he purchases stalls for two, while the mother takes her place in the *queue* and looks out for herself, and the rule is scarcely ever broken. If it be said on the other hand that the mother, having shuffled off the responsibility of her daughter's entertainment, ought to be satisfied with that, it may be urged on the other hand that, in view of the fidelity and regularity expected of a German lover, the support of the young lady is in itself enough, and he ought not to be asked to have the mother superadded, at least until after the marriage. Young people engaged are expected to pass three hundred and sixty-five evenings a year in each other's society. If they belong to the middle or poorer classes this phenomenon is generally witnessed at cheap beer-houses and gardens, varied in summer by an occasional rural excursion. If they have a more exalted position in the social scale, there will generally be facilities for entertaining the victim at the home of the intended; and for beer-gardens they will now and then substitute a concert or a play. But the full quota of evenings is always rigorously exacted. Perhaps the most delicate situation for an anxious suitor is when the mother is indifferent, or, with a little judicious matronly coquetry, knowing that he is anxious, pretends to be indifferent. This situation exacts from the candidate the most careful behavior, especially late in the evening after beer, when the mother is likely to be sleepy and tired, and even irritable. One false step then may ruin all.

THE most likely of our thoughts have no relation to any words; at certain times we think as if there were no such thing as language.

IF you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise councillor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

UNFRIENDED indeed is he who has no friend bold enough to point out his faults.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

TAINTED MEAT.—A handful of brown sugar, thrown upon the hot oven bottom, while the meat is cooking, will relieve it of any bad odor caused by taint.

REMEDY FOR CORNS.—A very simple remedy for these painful things is said to be a good coat of gum arabic mucilage every evening before going to bed.

MAKING GOOD PASTE.—Mix two tablespoonfuls of wheat flour with cold water to a smooth paste by putting in but little of the water at a time; its consistency must be a little thinner than the thickening for stews; place it upon the fire to heat through without boiling; apply it with a small brush. It is best to make it as needed, though a small piece of alum will keep it from turning sour.

GOOD AND CHEAP BEDS.—Take any kind of clean paper, except straw wrappings, and roll or fold it so it can be cut with one clip of the shears, then cut it. The narrower it is cut the better it is. These clippings are like little curls or rings of paper, and lie almost as light as feathers. They will not break up and grow fine and dusty, but are clean, and can be stirred as light as when first used.

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS IN NATURAL COLOR.—This is a good method: Several sheets of thick bibulous paper are soaked in a solution of chloride of calcium; the plants are put between two sheets of ordinary paper, and a sheet of the prepared paper (previously dried nearly to baking, in an oven) laid over them; the whole is then placed, as usual, in the press, and the chloridized sheets redried and exchanged when necessary.

To clean paper hangings, first blow the dust off with the bellows. Divide a white loaf of bread of eight days' old into eight parts. Take the crust into your hand, and beginning at the top of your paper, wipe it down in the lightest manner with the crumb side. Do not cross or go upwards. The dirt off the paper and the crumbs will fall together. Observe, you must not wipe above half a yard at a stroke, and after doing all the upper part, go around again, beginning a little above where you left off. If you do not clean it very lightly you will make the dirt adhere to the paper.

SOFTENING HARD WATER.—This is usually done with sal soda, but the effect is to hurt the clothes that are washed in the water thus prepared, and the hands also. It is because there is an excess of the soda, more than unites with the acid of the water, which makes it hard. The remedy is easy: Use enough of the salt to take up the acid, and no more. In this way both acid and soda disappear, leaving a neutral salt which is harmless. The water will be soft. Test a certain amount of water, beginning with a very little soda, and adding more if you find it to be necessary. With spring water which is hard, a lump of soda the size of a large pea to a pint of water is about the right proportion. Of course the amount of the salt should be according to the degree of hardness of the water.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FROM D. M. BENNETT, 335 Broadway, New York: "The Heathens of the Heath;" a theological romance, by William McDonnell.

FROM COLLINS & M'LEESTER, Philadelphia: "The Proof Sheet," for November, 1874. A very interesting number, containing an article on Washington Irving's travels in England, accompanying an autograph letter to Eugene H. Munday, Esq., specimens of calendars for 1875, and miscellany.

FROM W. B. ZIEBER, Chestnut street, Philadelphia: "The British Quarterly Review," for October, 1874 (republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York). This number contains several articles of unusual interest, and eighty pages are devoted to notices of new books.

FROM CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER, and SMITH, ENGLISH & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia: "Strength and Beauty," by Mark Hopkins, D. D. A volume of discussions intended for the benefit of young men, on a great variety of subjects, for which we would bespeak a careful perusal. And "What Might Have Been Expected," by Frank R. Stockton, author of "Roundabout Rambles," "Ting a Ling," etc. A very pleasant tale for children; with illustrations by Sol Ettynge, Sheppard, and others. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York.

FROM CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia, the following works published by Sheldon & Co., New York: "Losing to Win," by Theodore Davies. A novel presenting many curious phases of life, womens' rights movements, strikes, &c., well worked up. "Linloy Rochford," by Justin McCarthy, author of "Lady Judith," "A Fair Saxon," etc. Mr. McCarthy's reputation as a novelist is so firmly established that any story from his pen will be read with avidity. "My Life on the Plains; or, Personal Experiences with Indians." A very interesting, and at the same time instructing narrative, by General G. A. Custer, U. S. A., giving a great deal of valuable information regarding the Indian tribes, and the all important Indian question.

THE HUMAN RACE.—Much has been said about the degeneracy of our age. It is thought that we have lost the vigor and strength of our forefathers, and are growing weak and sickly. But statistics, carefully gathered, tell a very different story. The average size of Englishmen is larger than it was three centuries ago, for the armor worn by the knights of that time cannot be put on to-day, save by small men. The average duration of life is also longer. Accurate registers have been kept in Geneva since 1560. The average of life was then only twenty-two years and six months; it is now over forty years, or nearly double. In France, four hundred years ago, the annual mortality in Paris was one in sixteen; now it is one in thirty two, which shows about the same ratio in Geneva. In England, two centuries ago, the annual mortality was one in thirty-three, now it is one in forty-two. It is pleasant to know that the world is improving, and that the vigor and health of our race are gaining steadily, instead of declining.

To be covetous of applause discovers a slender merit, and self-conceit is the ordinary attendant of ignorance.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821 FOUNDED AUG 4 A.D. 1821
Robt. Jarvis C. Walker, Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday Evening, Nov. 28, 1874.

Vol. 54, No. 18.

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CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU. Answers to all Inquirers.

READ

PLIGHTED IN PERIL;

OR,

The Lone Star of Texas.

WITH the commencement of this powerful and brilliant Indian romance, we take occasion to indicate to our readers a *portion* of our PROGRAMME for the approaching winter.

Since April last, when the **POST** passed into the hands of the present Editor and Proprietor, neither labor nor expense have been spared to make it the **VERY BEST** Literary and Family Paper published. New life and vigor have been infused into the old favorite; the best writers now contribute to its columns, and the reading matter, illustrations and typographical appearance are equal to the very best. The **POST** during the coming year will contain a larger fund of instruction, amusement and entertainment than can be procured, for the same terms, in any other paper published.

We thus early announce the following Serials from old and well-known favorites of admitted ability and popularity:

THE LOST DIAMOND,

By Margaret M. Hosmer,

Author of "A Mystery of the Reef."

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING,

By Millie W. Carpenter,

Author of "Such Sweet Sorrow," Etc.

FOR TRUE LOVE'S SAKE,

By Rett Winwood,

Author of "The Ebony Casket," Etc.

Powerful writers, new to the columns of the POST, have also been secured, and will follow in rapid succession. The following is only a partial list of those whose contributions will enrich our columns during the year 1875:

CHARLES MORRIS,
Author of "Plighted in Peril," etc.
CAPTAIN CLEWLINE,
Author of "Gentleman Dick," etc.
AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
Author of "Under a Ban," etc.
MARY E. WOODSON,
Author of "Wrung from the Grave."
H. REBAK,
Author of "Bound by a Spell," etc.
FRANK CARROLL,
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LOUISA CROW,
Author of "Esther's Secret," etc.
ELIZABETH MORRISON,
Author of "A Hidden Wrong."
CAPTAIN CARNES,
Author of "Red Kelly; or, The Free Riders of the Plains," etc.
"BLUE JACKET,"
FREDERICK S. MILLS,
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FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS,

NEWS OF INTEREST, THE REVIEWER, NEW PUBLICATIONS, FACETIÆ, and the CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU, containing solid and valuable instruction given in ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS upon almost every question which can be presented or discussed.

WE ARE DETERMINED THAT THE OLDEST LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER IN AMERICA SHALL ALSO BE THE BEST.

1875!

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Heretofore the postage on the POST has been twenty cents a year, payable in advance, quarterly, by the subscriber, at the office where the paper was received. Under the new Postal Law, which goes into operation on the first of January next, the amount of postage *must be prepaid weekly, by the publisher, at the post-office in this city.*

Many leading publications have been increased in price, and the clubbing rates of most of them materially changed for the coming year.

As the POST has probably a larger mail circulation than any other of the first-class literary weeklies, the new law will entail upon us a very heavy outlay, without any return whatever, *as we have determined not to increase our subscription price, even to club subscribers.* We make this announcement thus early in order to give our old friends in the country, who desire to form clubs, the benefit thereof; and hope they will call the attention of their neighbors to the fact, and say to them that the POST, a large eight page journal, printed on fine white paper, beautifully illustrated, containing FORTY-EIGHT columns of the choicest reading matter, will be sent, POSTAGE PAID BY US, to any address, on the following terms:

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STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY R. WATSON FLEMING.

No. 8.—HIS SON AND HEIR.

"Is this Gerald Welch's?"

"No; it isn't," was my sudden and ungrammatical reply.

The questioner was a rough, ill-grained fellow, and he had disturbed my reverie. I thought he might at least have made his inquiries in the usual way, and not at the open window, where I sat.

"This is not Gerald Welch's."

"Next door, maybe?" came in harsh, guttural sounds from the lips of my questioner.

I was quite out of patience then.

"Not even the next door, nor the door beyond that, nor any in the neighborhood, to my knowledge, are Gerald Welch's," I replied.

"Umph!" said the man, sharply. "You don't know him, I reckon?"

"I have not"—the pleasure of his acquaintance, I was about to add, but I happened to observe once more the harsh features of my questioner, so I stopped short, and changed the form of my reply. "I *do* not," I truthfully said.

"That's unfortunate," said the man. (Strange to say, I did not quite agree with him.) "Do you take boarders?"

"I don't," I said, again; and immediately referred him to the lady whose son John was recently married, thinking thus to be rid of my loquacious friend.

"Beg pardon; I'm a stranger," said the man, with a leer, resting his arms upon the window-sill, and peering oddly into my room (as if it was possible that Mr. Gerald Welch might be hidden there, after all). "So you don't know Gerald Welch?"

"I never even heard of him," I acknowledged.

"I'm his son," the fellow continued—"*his son and heir.*"

He grinned knowingly, evidently expecting me to congratulate him; but I was too thankful to know that he was anybody's heir but mine, to make any reply whatever.

"Well, Mr. Welch," I said, at last, "I regret that I cannot inform you as to the whereabouts of your father; but, perhaps, if you inquire elsewhere——"

"Yes," he replied, impudently, "he'll turn up somewhere. I'm in no hurry."

I briefly informed him that, just then, I was too busily engaged to continue the conversation.

In one of my earlier studies I remarked that the corner of a bye-street came nearly opposite my window. It is a corner where men are often lounging, everlastingly "waiting for something." I thought, for good fortune, perhaps; but such fortune never comes, and they wait, and wait, day after day—until I grow morose, and then—pull down the blind.

The "stranger" left me with an indignant frown, and, after pacing in front of my window several times, to my annoyance and disgust, he made a feint of recognizing some one, and finally crossed the street, and addressed himself to one of the forlorn and hopeless-looking individuals whom I had so often noticed there gazing upon vacancy.

They stood chatting and laughing for, perhaps, half an hour, and made many needless references to my window, as I judged by their gestures—so I supposed the seedy man, with whose face and figure I was familiar, was the all-important Gerald Welch, respecting whom the other had inquired.

Presently they were joined by others, and, after a while, the whole tribe adjourned to the saloon, where they remained some time—much to my relief, for I grew tired of wondering what their occupation could be, that they could lead this listless, dreamy life, so objectless, so barren of result.

But next day they were there again, and the next, and to my surprise and annoyance my window was again the object of their remark and observation. Something was said, however, which led them to transfer their delicate attentions elsewhere, and I, who was growing nervous, breathed peacefully again.

Were they housebreakers? I wondered. Could they have grave designs upon my personal property? Would it be well to invest my savings in a patent electrical alarum? or, were they merely peaceful electioneerers, about to nominate some highly-respectable gentleman named Gerald Welch as a candidate for some high office?

Not the latter, surely; and, if not, what then?

The papers were filled with the records of crime that week—murders, bank robberies, highway robberies, forgeries. After all, was Gerald Welch a myth?—an intimate acquaintance of the sportive Tom Collins? and were they merely enjoying a joke at my expense?

Well, time will tell, I thought—and it did.

I had occasion to remember, suddenly, that my landlord's name was Welch. Could it be "Gerald," also?

He was an elderly gentleman, rather sedate, certainly respectable—not at all the sort of man who would associate with the individual who had so curiously and impertinently addressed me.

I detailed the circumstance to him one day when he called.

"I have a son," he quietly said, with a compression of the lips, and an eagerness about the eyes, that were foreign to him. "I have a son, whom I have not seen for years."

He noticed my evident interest and surprise, and added:

"I lived in this house when I last saw him. He robbed me—you should know, perhaps—but I forgave him, and he went away."

The old gentleman was evidently distressed. With what appealing eloquence he uttered the last words! They were like the sorrowful wail of a despairing spirit. "He robbed me—I forgave him—and he went away."

"I never heard from him—I have mourned him as one dead—and now you tell me——"

It was too much for him. He staggered to a chair.

"I must seek him," he mused, "or evil will befall him. If you should meet with him again, please tell him where he may find me. I am—yes, I am Gerald Welsh!"

My landlord called again next day.

"I cannot keep away, you see," he said to me. "Would you mind my waiting here? Perhaps he may come to-day. I think you said you had noticed him several times? Were those men his companions?"

I acknowledged that they were.

"God help my son!" said the old gentleman, fervently. "I fear he has not yet turned from his evil ways."

I tried hard to comfort him.

"But, after all, if I can win him back again he may yet become an honorable man. 'While there is life there is hope,' I think they used to tell me. My life is nearly at an end. It would be some comfort to see him once again."

At this moment I saw my stranger advancing slowly (but not steadily, I thought) toward his daily rendezvous. I did not wish the father to witness the familiar greeting between his son and the idlers at the corner, so I made some pretext to leave the room, and sent a messenger to meet the man, to inform him of his father's proximity.

He will suppress that jaunty air, I thought, and infuse a little feeling into his manner and demeanor.

He avoided the corner as I anticipated, and that was all. As he drew nearer, I pointed him out to Mr. Welch, who seemed barely to recognize him. When he came quite close, however, the old man gave a start, and turned very pale.

"That—*that* my son!" he said.

The man entered, as I had requested he would do. He made a grave salute, and placing himself in quite a dramatic attitude, he uttered the stereotyped phrase:

"Father, don't you know me?"

"*You* my son!" said Welch. "Why do you attempt to impose upon me? I recognize you. You are the scoundrel who led my son into error—who told him what a brave and gallant deed it was to rob his own father."

"I see my little pleasantry is not appreciated," said the impostor, gravely. "Nevertheless, I come to undo some of the evil I have wrought. As you correctly surmise, I am *not* your son, and you are clever enough to know it. My real purpose is——"

"To levy blackmail, I suppose," sneered Welch.

"Not so," said the man, laughing. "Your son at present supplies my necessities. I come to tell you——"

"My son! It is of him you would speak?"

"Are you sure you can bear good news?" said the man, anxiously. "I come to tell you that your scapegrace son (lucky dog!) has become a successful planter. I met him quite promiscuously. In fact, as you are a member of the family, I don't mind telling you. I was out of funds, and contemplated a raid upon the farm——"

"The farm!" said Gerald, vacantly.

"Well, homestead, then. It is in Nebraska county—but when I discovered who its owner was, of course I assumed the more dignified character of an old acquaintance. He fed me, clothed me, and behaved like a good fellow generally. So, out of gratitude, you see, I just hinted that I would like to come home again, and he volunteered the necessary expenses, upon condition that I would find you out and give you this packet. Upon my word, if it had been any one else I had had to deliver it to, he would never have seen it or me, I reckon."

It was a small package, containing the exact sum which the son had taken from the father. A letter, too, full of contrition and repentance, and filled with the promise of the prodigal's return.

"*You* brought this!" said Welch.

"Well, yes. I don't profess much, my friend, but I helped to spend your money once, and he trusted me, and did me a good turn; so, however bad I may be, I couldn't keep *that*. I know it isn't the money you care so much about; but if I had told you I had had it, and had spent it, you wouldn't have believed me, so I brought the packet whole."

"You shall never regret it."

"Well, I won't say *that* didn't enter into my calculations also. However, I have a clearer conscience, now that I have been the means of healing the breach which I once helped to make between a fond father and a scapegrace son."

"You have! You have!" the old man cried aloud; and there were tears in the eyes of the other also.

A few months afterwards the prodigal returned, with pockets lined with the fruits of honest industry. The father looks ten years younger; but the man who brought about this glad reunion has disappeared again. He wears an easier conscience, I am sure.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY M. V. S.

Fading beneath our passing feet,
Strewn upon lawn and lane and street,
Dyed with the hues of the sunset sky,
Falling in glory so silently,
Beautiful leaves!

Never to freshen another spring,
Never to know what the summer may bring,
Withered beneath the dust and cold,
Soon to decay in the common mould,
Beautiful leaves!

So will the years that change your tint
Mark upon us their autumnal print;
So shall we fall from the wheel of time,
Fade as ye fade in a wintry clime,
Beautiful leaves!

But when the harvest of life is past,
And we wake in eternal spring at last,
May He who paints your brilliant hue
Form of our lives a chaplet new
Of beautiful leaves.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY MAURICE EGAN.

My name is Angelo Perkins. I was born in a small village in that State which some conceited people have described as consisting of pines and sand, and as being "nowhere"—Jersey. But why get excited? Our native State vindicates itself against these absurd calumnies. There it stands! "The American eagle flaps its wings above its swelling plains," as Seth Brown said in his oration last Fourth, and brought down the house, which would have been all right, had not the platform come down at the same time, and crushed Seth's wooden leg.

I have had some narrow escapes in my time, but never have I escaped from more deadly peril than that of being "one of the family."

I was just twenty-two when I came to Philadelphia, and at twenty-two everybody sees you through green spectacles, and though you don't know it, you're greener than you seem.

I was homesick, and I couldn't understand Philadelphia ways. I had been at a hotel several days, when, one morning, I thought of seeking comfort in the pages of a morning paper.

"Just the thing!" I thought; "just the thing! What a kind woman she must be! There is some goodness out of Jersey!" And I read aloud the following advertisement:

"*A widow, having a large house, is willing to accommodate two or three young gentlemen with board and lodging. Money is no object. Her only wish is to preserve young men, alone in the world, from the dangers and temptations of a large city by offering them a home, and treating them strictly as one of the family.*"

Theologians tell us that the intention is everything. This being the case, I overlooked the bad grammar in the last clause, and thought only of the angel who penned it.

"*Call at No. —— Blank street, between nine and one o'clock.*"

Taking my hat, I called at once. The house was large, and the brightness of the paint, and the redness of the brick pavement made a dazzling combination that pained my unaccustomed eyes.

I was shown into the parlor. After I had looked into the mirror, tried both sofas and the piano, examined the "Washington" at one end of the room, and scrutinized the photographs of "grandma," "grandpa," and an unknown multitude, a lady entered. She was short, fat, not fair, but quite forty, with light ringlets on either side of her face. She gave me a look which seemed as if it might be intended for a life insurance agent.

"I called, madam," I began, hastening to remove this disagreeable impression, "in regard to the advertisement."

Her face was instantly wreathed in smiles. She held out both hands.

"I know that we will suit each other exactly," she said, sweetly, "and I have great faith in first impressions. I feel like a mother to you already!"

I always had an idea—a very distant, vague idea—that there was something remarkably prepossessing about me, but even in my most sanguine moments, I had never calculated on inspiring such very sudden affection.

"Yes, my dear sir," she continued, "you shall be treated strictly as one of the family, and have all the comforts of a home."

I muttered something about references—other boarders.

"References? I require no reference from a young man with a face like yours, but I invariably expect payment of board a week in advance. There are no other boarders. I am remarkably particular — scrupulously particular — in fact, I am constantly refusing applications."

I felt flattered, and though I hated to mention the subject to such an unworldly creature, I was compelled to ask her terms.

"Oh, my dear friend," she exclaimed, raising her hands deprecatingly, "I really know nothing about money. The late Mr. Muggins"—she waved her handkerchief in front of her eyes—"always managed money matters without consulting me. If you really insist on receiving a suggestion from me, I should say twelve dollars per week. No more—positively no more!"

I hadn't the heart to intimate that I had not expected to pay more than seven. If it had been a man now, I might have made a bargain—we Jerseymen *do* make bargains sometimes—but a woman! And such a charming, disinterested woman! I could only bow.

Having chosen a large, well-furnished bedroom, I left. The next day's sun saw me installed in Mrs. Mirabelle Muggins' boarding-house as one of the family.

The family consisted of Mrs. Muggins, her three boys, aged from sixteen down, and Miss Muggins—Julia Ann—a tall young person, certainly verging on twenty-five, who indulged in a tremendously fashionable style of coiffure and dress.

The first four days passed off well. On the fifth, Mrs. Muggins began to call me Angelo, and the boys to treat me as one of the family, by borrowing small sums, and any of my belongings that happen to strike them; Julia Ann smiled on me, too.

"You are dyspeptic, my dear Angelo," said Mrs. Muggins, in her delightful motherly way, one day when I came to dinner as hungry as a wolf. "You are dyspeptic. No more hot dinners—something light, ethereal henceforth—bran bread and a very little cold mutton."

I protested that I was not dyspeptic, that I didn't know what dyspepsia was.

"Dear, obstinate boy," she said, playfully, "you remind me so much of the late Mr. M. He was dyspeptic, too. Forgive my motherly solicitude, but I *must* save you from an early grave."

After this, that woman nearly drove me into an early grave. She did her best to starve me to death. I shudder at the recollection. But I was so young and green.

"Julia Ann is *so* quiet," Mrs. Muggins said to me several times. "I do wish the dear girl would go out more. By the way, there's an opera troupe here. They sing *Lucia* to-night. She does love music so much, but the poor, dear child seldom gets an opportunity of enjoying it."

Of course, I had no alternative but to offer to escort Miss Julia Ann to the opera, theatre, or concert, as the case might be. This happened so frequently that I began to grow anxious about my financial condition.

"We have a new boarder," Mrs. Muggins announced one evening. "He is coming to-morrow. Mr. Prichard is his name, a friend of the late Mr. M.'s—a sweet old man, but very easily irritated. I took the liberty of removing your bureau and carpet into his room. Angelo, I knew you wouldn't mind it, as you're quite one of the family."

It dawned upon me that it was rather undesirable to be one of the family. I supposed the thought, however, ungrateful.

The boys borrowed my best suit in turns. George Washington Muggins picked the lock of my writing-desk with a nail. Adolphus spoiled my watch. Napoleon smoked my segars, and used my hair oil. Hadn't they a right to do these things? Wasn't I "one of the family?"

"Dear! dear!" said Mrs. Muggins, glancing at me, affectionately. She, Julia Ann, and I were sitting in the twilight parlor. "Dear! dear! Strange thoughts occur to me sometimes. I often think that you and my Julia Ann were made for each other."

I blushed. I almost wished I had never been made at all, and felt like making for the door.

"How can you, ma?" said Julia Ann "I really shall expire."

"Leave the room, my daughter," responded her mother. "Leave the room! And now, Angelo Perkins," Mrs. Muggins said, gravely turning to me. "What are your intentions? You have attended that dear girl to many places of amusements. You have paid her attentions which naturally cause her to expect—" She paused.

"Expect what?" I ventured, timidly.

"Do you not understand me? Can I believe my ears, Angelo? She expects, the boys expect, I expect, everybody expects that you will become one of the family in real earnest."

"No! never!" I cried. "I'll die first. I've had enough of it!"

I rushed into the hall, seized my hat, and never stopped until I was safe in the bosom of my native State. The Muggins family might keep my luggage, but I was free. Oh, the delight of knowing that I was no longer "one of the family."

Shortly after my flight, I came across an advertisement addressed to me.

A. P.—Return at once. Julia Ann is broken-hearted. Return, and your ingratitude will be forgiven. Return, or your trunk will be sold. A mother."

This pathetic appeal had no effect, it is scarcely necessary to add.

SUMMER IS OVER.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

The green leaves and grasses that grew so suddenly sweet in the springtime; the many-hued flowers that came like miracles from the heart of May; the crimson blossoms and blue that held the glory of the summer-time, have all, with the last day of summer, passed away.

The brown nests in the trees are empty, and the boughs are no longer full of song. The dead leaves whirl along the path, and with every rising wind the ripe nuts fall to the ground.

Summer is over! Summer is over! How the winds keep saying it—sighing it—as they blow hither and thither over the earth! It is a tale twice told—for the Indian summer, too, has followed in the path of the fallen leaves; over the hills, and far away—yet we turn again to hear it, and to catch, if it may be, the echo of her last, faint footfall!

But there is another summer yet to come—the summer of happy firesides! where the sun of love shines warm and bright; where the dews of sympathy distil, and the breeze of glad impulses and generous desire blows through the garden of our souls, stirring everything to a new and pleasant life!

Oh, it doesn't do to despair; to fold our hands idly because the bright, busy, beautiful summer-time is past!

There is work yet to do, though the rain falls drearily; work yet to do, though the day dawns drearily—work for you and me!

Let us plant roses for the *fireside* summer; kind words that shall spring up in fragrant beauty along our way; kind deeds that shall blossom and bear fruit, it may be an hundred fold! Oh, it is *not* the time to be idle or listless, *now!*

PARIS AND THE FASHIONS.

BY NINON.

By the latest advices from Paris we are told nothing new concerning the leading styles. It is only said that the tendency to return to the modes prevalent during the latter part of the reign—so short and brilliant—of the ill-fated Josephine, seems to be on the increase. The ruffle and flaring collars grow more *prononcé*, the seam upon the shoulder shorter, and while the modistes of the enlightened nineteenth century have too much good sense and judgment to inaugurate a renewal of the disfiguring short waist of that period, yet there is a leaning towards that style. There is, however, a difference in the style of wearing the hair.

How entirely Paris merited the name of the Empress of the World of Fashion has been proven by the eagerness wherewith that world has returned to its allegiance, since peace and property have commenced to dawn anew upon the gay capital. We can remember how many predictions were made of her permanent dethronement when she lay stricken by famine, the sword and the torch. What strenuous efforts we made in those dark days to appear content with the fashions sent us from other portions of the world; which, although rich in design and elaborate in finish, always seemed to the initiated to lack that *distingue* effect, that certain grace, which, finding indescribable, we were wont to term "French," or as some of the butterflies of fashion, heedless of pure Saxon, would lisp, "*so sweet* and *Frenchy*." As Goethe says, "there are many echoes, but only one voice," and in the matter of taste in dress, we will cordially apply that laconic maxim to the recrowned mistress of *le beau monde*.

NEWS of INTEREST

NEW YORK has three business firms whose entire trade consists in the importation and sale of canaries and other feathered songsters. The whole number of birds imported during a single season amounts to about 150,000, valued at $450,000.

A SUGGESTION is made to establish telegraph cable stations on the high seas, built upon buoys, at which a steamer may stop and communicate if in distress, give her time, and enable her passengers to communicate with their friends on either shore.

IT is stated on good authority that Mr. Sims Reeves, the English tenor, who has just signed contracts to come to America next season for a series of concerts, is to receive $115,000 for 100 nights, or $1,150 per night. At this price Mr. Reeves' notes ought, indeed, to be golden.

WHENEVER we hear of the Baroness Burdett Coutts we hear some good of her. Her last bit of benevolence has been to institute a Donkey Show at Torquay, the object being to promote the virtues of patience and moderation in the bosoms of the donkey drivers. If the animal ever can thrill with gratitude, now is his time.

IF England were to man her navy for war, she would require 68,000 men, of whom 22,000 would have to be enlisted for the purpose. Russia, for the like object, wants 36,000; France, 33,570; Turkey, 21,000; Spain, 14,000; Germany, 13,000; Austria, 11,590; Italy, 11,200; Holland, 6,260; Denmark, 4,800; Norway, 3,500; Portugal, 3,300; Sweden, about 3,000.

THE Maid of Orleans is to be canonized. To bring about this result was, it is said, one of the principal objects of the recent visit of the Bishop of Orleans to Rome. To fulfil the necessary conditions of canonizations imposed by the decree of Pope Urban VIII, which requires proof before the Ordinary of the heroic nature of her virtues, a special tribunal has been instituted at Orleans to receive the evidence relative to "the touching story of this admirable heroine." Among the points to be submitted to this court are the facts concerning her birth and infancy, conduct towards her parents, piety to the Virgin, fulfilment of her duty as a Catholic, her gift of prophecy, her apparitions, revelations and miracles.

THE area of the German Empire is only 212,000 square miles, or scarcely four times that of Illinois, and on this small space dwell over 42,000,000 people, which exceeds the present population of the United States, scattered over twelve times that extent of territory, and Germany produces enough breadstuffs and meats for the support of her population, and raises a sufficient quantity of beets from which to manufacture nearly all the sugar and molasses consumed by her inhabitants; whereas the United States, with their great variety of climate and soil, expend $100,000,000 annually in the purchase of those commodities from tropical countries. Germany grows most of the tobacco consumed by her people, and they are inveterate smokers.

THE small industries of Paris know no limit. They even now include the manufacture of artificial bird's nests, so admirably constructed as to take in (in more than one sense) the very birds themselves. They are made for the thieving and quarrelsome sparrow, for the titmouse, the warbler, the kingfisher, and even the cuckoo, the blackbird, and the magpie are not forgotten. Such beautiful nests! Large and small apartments for feathered families to be let, with immediate possession, without taking a lease, or with a lease of three, six, or nine years at pleasure. Three thousand of these nests have been put up, with a view of encouraging the multiplication of birds that may help to destroy worms and insects injurious to vegetation.

EVERYBODY is to be able to wear diamonds now, as a process has been invented, we are told, for the manufacture of pure artificial diamonds from benzine—not the kind meant in our police reports when we say a man has imbibed too much benzine, but the genuine article. Benzine is introduced into a glass shell about six inches in thickness and capable of standing enormous pressure. Another substance having a strong affinity for hydrogen, but the name of which is kept secret, is introduced with it. The poles of a moderately strong battery are also introduced, and the whole hermetically sealed. As decomposition takes place slowly, the hydrogen unites with the substance for which it has an affinity, and pure, colorless carbon is set free, and in course of time forms in the shape of diamonds of various sizes on the interior sides of the glass shell.

THE importance of the wheat crop of the United States to Great Britain annually increases. During the first eight months of the present year the importation from our country amounted to 58 per cent. of the whole foreign supply. From Russia the imports were 11 per cent.; from Canada, 9; from Germany, 6½; from Chili, 6; from the Danubian countries, 1½, and from all other countries, 8¾ per cent. In 1873, for the corresponding period, importations from the United States were 42½ per cent.; from Russia, 24½; from Canada, 5½; from Germany, 5; from France and Chili, 4 each, and from other countries, 14½ per cent. In 1872 the imports from the United States for eight months were 18 per cent., and from Russia 50 per cent. The gradual increase in grazing and stock-raising in England and Ireland tends to yearly augment this dependence.

A STARTLING announcement comes from Paris! It is said the new style of head-gear is to be the old-fashioned bonnet, with brims, crowns, strings, and, perhaps, curtains. What will the girls say at having to don the big bonnets of their grandmothers? "Horrid!" of course, but then, my dears, it is all for your own good. Just listen to this: "It appears that the conclusion has been reached that the prevalence of neuralgia and kindred diseases, unknown comparatively a few years ago, has been due to the fashion of leaving the head, neck, ears, and throat without any protection. The large number of weak eyes is also attributed to the want of shade afforded by the fall or curtain." This ought to reconcile all sensible young ladies to the coming change of fashion, especially when they remember that their grandmothers were just as lovely in bonnets as they are without them!

TO FAIRYLAND AND BACK.

Part 2.—HAPPY-GO-LUCKY AMONG THE MORTALS.

BY F. S. MILLS.

Little Joe grieved very much when Luke, the woodcutter, told him that Minnie had disappeared, and he ran a great way into the woods calling her by name.

But no Minnie answered to his call. The leaves upon the trees rustled, and the breeze moaned sorrowfully, while the birds, Joe fancied, called out "Minnie," in their own fashion, and the wild flowers closed up their tiny petals in sympathy, but still no Minnie came.

He had wandered further than he thought, and somehow he had lost his way, and it was growing dark, so he sat down upon a log which Luke must have cut the day before, and wondered what he should do.

The fireflies flickered among the green leaves. One of them seemed to be much brighter than the rest, and after flying around him several times, it settled upon the log quite close to him, and he noticed a very little imp standing beneath the light, watching him curiously.

It was Thought, the fairy's counsellor.

"What can I do for you, little one," said the imp, politely.

Joe could not help laughing when the sprite (who was in a merry mood,) called him "little one," when he (the sprite) was so very, very little, but he was too much troubled to speculate upon the absurdity of the thing, so he merely answered:

"Please, I want to go home!"

"You want to go home, eh! then why don't you go?" said Thought, laughing merrily.

"I have lost my way," said Joe.

"Ah!" said the imp, maliciously. "Many people do that when they travel in my company. I have a habit of traveling very long distances, you know, sometimes across the ocean, and sometimes among the clouds. I can take you to the place where you were born, or show you yourself in the future."

"Please take me home," said Joe.

"Oh, very well. I thought you wished to find Minnie," said the messenger, in a huff.

"Yes, indeed" said Joe, quickly. "Can you find her for me?"

"I will take you to her," said the sprite.

"Please, is it very far?" said Joe, dubiously.

"Only to Fairyland," Thought answered.

"Fairyland! Is there really such a place?"

"Yes—in the Kingdom of Imagination," was the answer.

"Is Minnie there?"

"Come, I can't stay answering questions all the time. Close your eyes if you wish to go with me."

Joseph did as he was bid, and immediately he felt himself lifted bodily from the log on which he sat, and when he opened his eyes again, he was amazed to find himself in Fairyland, indeed.

Hundreds of little creatures were dancing merrily to the light of a number of the most gigantic fireflies he had ever seen. Presently the Queen was announced, and they ceased dancing, and ranged themselves in their places round the throne, which glistened in the subdued light, and seemed almost too grand for anyone, even the Fairy Queen herself, to sit upon. The King's throne was not nearly so brilliant. Can my readers guess why? Because fairy dewdrops fade when their possessor is unworthy, and fairy thrones are not for those who misbehave themselves.

The Queen came and Minnie with her. Little Joe was mightily pleased to see her once again. The King followed them. He was in a bad humor, for the Queen had monopolized the whole of Minnie's society, and Minnie had told her how basely Happy-go-lucky had broken the law of hospitality at the woodcutter's cabin, but Joe did not notice how spitefully the King behaved, and presently Thought told him to advance to the inner circle, and he did so, trembling all the while.

"Minnie," said little Joe, addressing himself to her instead of to the Queen, as was but natural under the circumstances, "I have come to look for you."

"So much the worse for you," muttered the King, and he sent one of his officers, a wasp, to sting him under the left ear.

"This is little Joe, I suppose," said the Fairy Queen, smiling. "So you want to take Minnie home?"

"Yes," said Joe, bashfully, and then he felt the sting, and thought that was inflicted because he wished to have Minnie for a playfellow again.

"I suppose you love her very much," said the Queen, archly.

"Yes," said Joe, again. And the King was so enraged at hearing this, that he sent the wasp again to sting him under the right ear.

Then Joe began to cry with pain; at which the Queen was much surprised, but Thought, the counsellor, whispered to her, and she became very indignant and summoned her retinue.

"My visitors must be protected," she said, to the King, haughtily.

"Bother your visitors," replied the King; and as he knew that an argument was about to commence, and that he would get the worst of it, he hurriedly vacated the throne, and quitted the court without even so much as wishing the Queen good-bye.

"A pretty King Happy-go-lucky is," said one of the courtiers, boldly. "We'll have Little Joe for king."

"Oh, no—please; I don't understand," said Joe, and he looked at Minnie, as he was in the habit of doing when he wanted her advice or help.

Then the fairies laughed, and they all clustered round Joe and Minnie, and made them dance and sing for their amusement; and they both began to think they would like to stay there always. But Minnie thought of her father Luke, and went up to the Queen and pleaded for leave to return home.

"I am glad you are a faithful child," said the fairy, kindly. "Always love your father dearly, and then I can always help you. My name is Fidelity, you know, and my lieutenant is Thought. Shall I give you a talisman?"

"What is that?" said Minnie, curiously.

"Something to remember me by. Memory is another of my servants. The remembrance of good deeds will always bring me near you."

She gave Minnie one of the glistening dewdrops from her throne, and another one to Joe.

"The talisman I give you is Hope," she said. "The parched and feverish flowers drink of these dewdrops eagerly, and hope for a bright to-morrow. Thought shall lead you home again, and my talisman will overcome all obstacles by the way."

Then Thought led them onward through great avenues, and along wide roads, and they were happy in each other's company, and talked of future rambles through the woods. Fairyland faded gradually from view, and they came to a rivulet which both remembered well.

There was a stone in the centre of the brook, and Thought left them whilst Joe was finding it for a stepping-place for Minnie.

Joe was standing on the stone and reaching his hand to Minnie, when King Happy-go-lucky (who had been waiting all the while) tipped over the stone, and Joe fell into the water with a splash.

It was not very deep, however, and the talisman rescued Minnie and himself. Not so with the wicked fairy, for his heel caught under the stone and he went under.

So slight an immersion would not have harmed an ordinary fairy, but Happy-go-lucky's power was gone. The dewdrops had gradually faded from his throne, and there was no Hope left for him.

So the water-sprites (who were rebels then) carried him away, and Minnie, with Little Joe, reached home in safety.

How strange that Luke was asleep by the fireside all the time, and that the incidents above recorded were a dream of his; no more!

When Minnie came running in with Little Joe, as she did at that moment, from a long ramble in the woods; he rubbed his eyes in an astonished way, and said:

"Ah, children, Hope is a great talisman after all, but Fidelity is the fairy that lands us safely over all obsticles. Be Faithful, Thoughtful, Hopeful and True!"

KIND HEART.

BY IDA FAY.

Franz, the young musician, sat sobbing by the roadside. He had not earned one penny all the long, long day; and now, to crown his misfortunes, one of the strings of his violin had snapped, leaving him hopeless of success in his calling for a long time to come.

"Oh! what shall I do?" he cried. "The peasants will not stay their dancing because the fiddler cannot play; the little children must have music to beguile them; some other person they will find to take my place, and I shall die of want. Woe is me!"

While the words of complaint were yet on his lips, he was accosted by a withered old crone, who was bent nearly double with age, and was, besides, a hunchback. She was a most loathsome-looking creature; and Franz would have turned away in disgust, but her plaintive voice and pleading words moved his kind heart to pity.

"You are wretched," she said; "but how much more miserable am I! Ah, kind master, open your purse, for I am starving."

"Would that I could!" cried the lad. "I have neither purse nor money to put in it."

"Is it so, indeed?" the hag answered, despairingly. "Mayhap you've a crust about ye that would lay hunger?"

"Alas, none!"

Then the beggar fell to groaning and wailing at such a rate that Franz could bear it no longer.

"Here!" he cried, seizing his beloved violin. "It is my best and my all that I offer. Take it—I cannot endure to see you suffer."

It was growing dark; but, as the crone reached forth her hand, a glow as of sunrise came between her and Franz, and in the strange light it seemed to the lad her form straightened and became beautiful, her wrinkled face grew lovely.

"Well done, my good child!" she said; and her voice was like music. "Your unselfish charity shall not go unrewarded."

Franz remembered nothing more; and when he awoke the next morning, in the same place on the roadside, was certain he had been dreaming. He rose to look for his violin—rubbed his eyes—looked again. Not it, but a new and beautiful Cremona lay there, and beside it a purse of gold, with "Kind-Heart" embroidered in its silken meshes.

Franz took the money to his mother, showed her his new violin, and told of his adventure. She raised her eyes and hands in grateful wonder.

"'Twas some good fairy, no less, in disguise," she said. "Pray Heaven you may be worthy of her gifts."

Whether this was true or not the lad never knew; but certain it is, with the music of his new violin he made his way to "fame and fortune," and never, even in his proudest moments of success, failed to deserve the name of "Kind-Heart."

A German Fable.

A raven was crossing a field, and saw a cuckoo preparing a soft bed behind a shady bush. That seemed very odd to him; so he crept nearer, and asked the cuckoo what he was making there.

"A bed, as you see," the cuckoo answered, shortly.

"A bed! What for?" the raven kept on inquiring. "You are not going to lie on the ground? As far as I know, you usually rest in a hollow tree."

"It is not for myself," replied the cuckoo, "but for that poor sick hen there, you see behind the bushes. See that poor creature," he continued, weeping; "she fills my soul with pity; she has not been well for a long time."

"Really, an odd kind of neighborly love. I could never in the least have expected that of you," cried the raven, in ecstacy; and the bright tears flowed down his raven cheeks at the thought of his noble deed.

"Yes," the cuckoo continued in a whining tone, "this good hen laid me nearly every day an egg; upon that I have hitherto lived when I could get at nothing else, and how miserable I should be if she should die! I must perish—yes, must starve in these famine times."

"Aha, so! It is not precisely for the poor sick hen, but for the eggs, you make the nest," croaked the raven, as, quickly drying her tears, she flew away.

CAGED.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

Little white bird in your beautiful prison,
Fluttering lonesomely all the long day—
Beating your breast till its plumage is crimson,
Why do you murmur? and what do you say?
"Low laughs my love from the lap of a blossom—
Free are her pinions to furl or to fly!
Light lies the breeze on the down of her bosom—"
And you are in fetters?—so darling, am I!

Gilded, like yours, are the bars of my prison:
Weary, like yours, with their waiting, my wings!
And far, far away in the calm and the crimson
Of morning eternal, my Beautiful sings.
Yet oh! when the daylight the buttercup misses,
I lean through the lattice that looks to the seas,
And catch the rare sweets of her comforting kisses
Out from the hold of a Paradise breeze.

Hush, pretty prisoner! I know all your sorrow!
I know how your pulses quiver and ache!
How your heart with no hope for the coming to-morrow,
In the wine-press of anguish is ready to break.
Yet nobody opens the door of my prison,
Beautiful warbler! as I open thine,
Bidding thee fly with thy bosom of crimson—
To joy, and to freedom that cannot be mine.

GENTLEMAN DICK;

OR,

The Cruise of the Dolphin!

A Story of Scenes and Adventures in the North Pacific.

By Captain Clewline.

[This serial was commenced in No. 13, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XVI.

ALMOST A MUTINY.

Sam Tully fastened an iron grip upon the shoulder of the doomed man, and dragged him to his feet. Two strong men seized him upon either side and held him, while Sam lifted the running noose which lay upon the floor of the forecastle and passed it about his neck. At this moment Dick Fenton rose upon his bunk, and looked wildly about him.

"It is Black Rodger," he cried. "What has he been doing, shipmates?"

"He tried to murder you, and we are going to serve him out for it," was the stern reply of the harpooner. "On deck there, a dozen of you, and get hold of the fall."

The seamen hurried to obey the order, and only a few remained in the forecastle.

Dick sprang out of his bunk, and slipped on part of his clothing hurriedly.

"Don't do it, boys," he said, quickly. "It will be a crime to hang this man for merely *attempting* my life."

"That's the talk," cried Black Rodger. "By —— I'm sorry I ever tried it on; but I was drove to it. I ask your pardon, Dick. I ask it on my knees, and beg you to save me."

"On deck there!" shouted Sam Tully. "Walk away with the fall."

There came the tramp of feet above, and the unfortunate wretch, clutching at everything which he could reach, was dragged up to the scuttle. Here he braced his hands and feet, but the slip noose ran taut, and he let go his hold. The moment his head appeared above the combings of the forecastle he was seized, and his feet placed upon the deck.

"Keep back, Gentleman Dick," roared Sam Tully. "I like you, and would do anything for you, but this man is a murderer, twenty times over. He is a wrecker, I tell you—a man who lights false beacons, and gives a whole crew to death for the sake of the spoils."

"Give him a trial," replied Dick. "The captain will see that you have fair play."

"We won't trust to that," was the reply. "He might escape, and where would our revenge be, then?"

"You shall not hang him," cried the lad, leaping through the scuttle to the deck. "I will save him from you."

The men on deck were busy with the wrecker, and he ran by them like the wind, and they heard him thundering at the door of the captain's cabin, shouting for him to rise.

"Hurry up, lads," cried Sam Tully. "We must get this job done quickly. Do you know a prayer, Rodger Bates? If you do, say it as you go aloft."

Black Rodger only answered by cries for mercy, mingled with execrations against the men who held him in their clutches.

"Here comes the captain," cried Dick, running up. "Give the man a chance for a trial. Don't let him die unheard."

"Up with him!" was the only reply vouchsafed by the angry sailors.

The gang holding the "fall" rushed aft, and the body of Black Rodger was swaying in the air.

Dick leaped into the fore shrouds, and went up like a cat, and before the men had taken half a dozen steps, he was out on the yard, his keen knife flashed in the air, and the ascending rope was cut just below the block.

Black Rodger dropped to the deck, a distance of ten feet, with a dull thud. The next moment the crew scattered, and Captain Tom, Forsythe, and the third mate, stood over the prostrate body with a pistol in each hand.

"Is this a mutiny!" cried the captain, facing the men boldly, his gray hair blown back by the wind.

The second mate stepped forward, and silently ranged himself beside the other officers. Dick slid down from the yard and joined them.

"Wait," said the captain. "You, Sam Tully, seem to lead this mutiny, and must speak. Why were you hanging this man?"

"Because he is a murderer."

"Has this been proved? Has he had a trial? And who made you master of this ship, Mr. Jack-before-the-mast?"

"He killed my brother. He is Black Rodger Bates, the well-known wrecker of Portland Beach. He tried to kill Gentleman Dick, and would have done it, only for Tatty."

"Who commands this ship? Under other circumstances I would not parley with you; but now, as you say that the provocation is great, I give you all one chance. I know you, and have proved you in many dangers; braver men never sailed under me, and that is the reason why I am lenient with you. A mutiny on the high seas is death by the law, and I would not have your blood upon my hands. Will you give this man up to me, that he may have a fair trial?"

The men hesitated. There was not one among them who would not have followed Captain Manning to the death, and have made him bold backers. They loved him because he treated sailors as men, not as dogs, and never asked his men to peril their lives where he would not go with them. But foremast hands are like Scottish clans; they cling by each other.

"You had better take care," said the third mate, warningly. "We are better armed than you are, and you will get the worst of it, if you do not yield."

"Don't threaten them, Mr. Belling," said the captain. "They are brave men, but have made a mistake. I am going to make a trial of their obedience, and if they fail me, I shall know what it means. All hands—except the helmsman—stations for sail loosing!"

The men hesitated a moment, and then Tatty shouted in his heavy voice:

"Obey! The man who hesitates to follow me will feel my harpoon."

They only wanted a leader, and at that stern voice every man sprang to his station.

"All hands silent!" said the captain. "You have obeyed me, and I am proud of my crew. The men who can conquer themselves in times like these, are the men whom I can trust. As for this fellow, he shall be tried, and receive his deserts. All the port watch to duty. Starboard watch, turn in."

The men obeyed him, and the officers remained, looking in each other's faces, over the silent form of Black Rodger. There was a wild look in the face of Dan Forsythe, for he knew that he had been baffled again, and that Dick had gained another point in the estimation of the captain.

"Call that boy here," said old Tom.

Dick, who was going below with the men, came aft at the order, and touched his cap.

"Why did you turn against your mates just now, my lad?"

"Because they were doing wrong," was the reply.

"If they had attacked us, what would you have done?"

"I should have fought them as well as I could," replied Dick.

"Enough said; you have been lied about, and from this moment you have a friend in me. Go to your duty."

Dick left the deck with a proud step, followed by the dark glances of Forsythe. The insensible form of Bates was carried to the "brig," or prison of the ship, and the Dolphin ploughed on her way.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN SEARCH OF WHALES.

Honolulu was left behind, with its pleasant breadfruit groves, its tropical vines, and its mendacious and peculative inhabitants. The Kanaka, the name by which the inhabitants of these islands are best known, is by nature a liar and a thief, in the way of business. They would not go into your house and steal your goods any more than other classes of people, but they will cheat you, as they would their own brothers, in a trade.

Dick had been permitted to land, under a promise that he would not "bolt." In fact, he had little desire to do so now. Nature had made him a sailor, and there is something enticing, after all, in life before the mast. He was getting learned in sailor lore, under the tuition of Tatty, and the men idolized him. In the long summer days and the nights in the forecastle, he used to sit for hours, telling them stories out of his stock of old legends of the sea and shore. He told them of the Argonauts, the Vikings, Drake, Cabot, Hudson, and all that host of adventurers and brave men of the bygone days, while they listened entranced. To "yarn it" well is a sailor's glory, and there seemed to be no limit to the knowledge of Gentleman Dick to these simple men. So Dick landed at Honolulu, and during the three days which he had to himself, guided by Tatty, he visited the old battle fields of the islands, and the great volcano of Kilaea.

The Dolphin sailed, and headed for the whaling ground.

Little did they know that three hundred miles to the south, the swift schooner Antelope was speading on, under a press of sail, to take the wanderer home. Tatty was spending all his spare time in teaching the boy all that was necessary in the whaleman's art. He had been tried at the paddles and the oars, and had shown himself such an adept that by universal acclamation he had been assigned to the boat of the second mate, where his training in a racing-boat had done much for him. The captain had offered to make him a sort of passenger, but he had refused to leave the forecastle or to shirk any duty.

Black Rodger was out of the ship, having been left with the consul at Honolulu, who had promised to send him to the "States," in irons, on the first American ship which sailed. Once there, his crimes would insure his punishment. The men, when they had time to think, were glad that Dick had turned against them, and prevented the execution of their design against the wrecker, and that he had also saved them from open mutiny.

"There is a standing reward for the first man who sees 'spouts,'" said Tatty, as they sat in the tops. "I wonder who will get it?"

"Hard to say," replied Dick. "I suppose it is something of an honor."

"*We* think so," replied Tatty. "And it is the same with the 'first harpoon.' I have always won that in any ship I sailed in."

"I wish that I could be harpooner," said Dick.

"Look here, my son; don't get along too fast. It is no baby job to strike a whale, and the best of us know the danger. One thing I will say for you, however; you are cool and steady enough to make a harpooner—in time."

"I am strong enough for it, too," replied Dick, raising his muscular arm. "Look at Handy Pete, harpooner in the third mate's boat. I can throw him, every time."

"It isn't the strength so much as experience. Pete ain't the best harpooner in the world, nor he ain't bad, by any means. He's fair, Pete is; that's all you can say of him."

The whaling grounds are before them now, the home of the cachalot or sperm whale, the king of his tribe. This is the whale of all others which is most sought, and which our indefatigable fishermen are driving from the sea. This mountain of blubber and greasy flesh, with his square pugnacious jaws and the wonderful deposit of sperm in the head, was the prize which the Dolphin sought. "Right" whales might pass them by, for the sperm whaler scorns them. They sought the cachalot, and only the cachalot. Indeed, the "right" whale cannot have a very quiet life in water occupied by the giant race. They fight, battles of the giants, rearing their powerful flukes in the air, and striking blows which would have shaken a great ship from keel to truck; and the cachalot, more powerful than his antagonist, always remains master of the field.

The crew of a ship, beside being divided into watches, have their places in the boats, with the exception of the steward, carpenter and the boys. Under ordinary circumstances, Dick would not have been assigned to a boat; but in this case he took the place of Black Rodger, who had been disposed of in such a summary manner. The captain would not have forced him to take an oar against his will, but he was not only ready, but willing and anxious for the sport.

The Dolphin sailed on, in search of her giant prey. At times they passed individual members of the whaling fleet, some flying the red cross of Great Britain, some the orange and black, and others still the starry flag. Among all those who fight leviathan, none are more vigilant and brave than the hardy fishermen of our Eastern States, which have reared a race of Tritons, sea warriors, who love the strange battle on the sea. Captain Manning was one of these, and as the days wore on, and no "spouts" were sighted, he began to be uneasy and scarcely left the deck, scanning the blue surface of the sea through the long glass which he always carried. Suddenly, without warning, the ship passed out of the deep blue water, and entered a sea red as blood.

"What is this?" cried Dick, pointing at this strange appearance. "The water is colored with something."

"I guess it is," replied Tatty, with a laugh. "Those are animals."

"Phew! That is what Jack would call a stretcher. Animals, indeed!"

"Well, I don't know whether these fellows they call naturalists would call them animals or *insects*. It don't matter much, but that is what the whales feed on. Now, maybe you've heard of whales swallowing men, but it is a blamed lie. The mouth is big enough to take in a jolly boat, but the throat of a whale could not permit a good sized man to pass. You don't believe that red stuff is alive?"

"It don't look much like it, anyhow."

"You go down and bring me that little microscope you had the other day, while I get a bucket and dip up some of this water."

Dick ran below, and when he came back he had his microscope with him, a very powerful glass for a small one. Tatty had dipped up a bucket of the water, and set it upon the deck, and Dick applied his glass to a drop, which he dipped up in the little cup attached to the microscope. That drop of red water, magnified many times, was no longer water, but a mass of red living things, twisting and turning in every direction, with the greatest rapidity.

"You were right, Tatty," said Dick, as he continued to gaze through the glass. "It is wonderful. So this is the food upon which the whale feeds?"

"Yes; and the stories you have heard about a blood red sea start from this. I'll show you more wonderful things before this cruise is over."

They went up on the to'gallant forecastle, where Tatty relieved the lookout. The man did not go very willingly, for he expected to sight a spout at any hour.

"How do you know when you see a whale a great way off?" said Dick.

"If you have good eyes, you will see two columns of water, like waterspouts changing into white mist. The sperm whale spouts the water through its blow hole."

"It is odd," said Dick, standing up on the forecastle, and looking to the east. "What do you say when you see spouts?"

"'There she blows,' is the cry we use," replied Tatty, his eye ranging along the water to the west. "When the whale throws his body out of the water, the cry is, 'there she breaches.' If you should see spouts now, and could sing out in time——"

"There she blows!" yelled Dick, with frantic earnestness. "There she blows—blows; *there* she blows!"

Gentleman Dick, the pet of the ship, had been the first one to sight a whale, and had won the reward.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THERE SHE BLOWS!"

The hitherto orderly ship was for a moment in the utmost confusion. As the sound came to the ears of Tatty, he whirled suddenly, and saw Dick pointing out across the water to the east; and then, as he turned his piercing eyes that way, he saw that Dick had not been deceived, and he joined his shout to that of the young discoverer.

"There she blows; there she breaches!"

"Where away?" cried the captain, running forward, with a glass in his hand.

"Two points off the lee bow," replied Dick, promptly.

The old captain sprang on the rail and brought his glass to a level, while the men, anticipating the work before them, sprang forward, and began to clear away the boats for lowering.

"We've got them!" cried Captain Manning, closing his glass with a snap. "Lay her one point nearer the wind, you at the wheel; northeast by east."

"Northeast by east," the helmsman replied.

"Keep her so; steady."

"Steady it is, sir."

"Lower away the boats," cried the captain. "Jump, you sons of freedom, jump! Now then, timber toes, move!"

The splash of the four boats seemed to come at the same moment, and four long white streaks were seen gliding away from the side of the Dolphin—whale boats, those models of speed and strength. A description of one would suffice for the rest. In the first place, they are as light as boats can be made, which are expected to stand the shock of a heavy sea. Their lines are perfect, and the bow and stern are exactly alike, for the whale boat has no rudder but is steered with an oar.

Paddles are first used, while the boats are creeping up to the school of whales, before they are alarmed and "sound" or dive. The men sit crouched upon the thwarts like Indians, grasping the paddles in their strong, brown hands. In the stern sheets, the officer in charge is seated, holding the steering oar. The bowman is the harpooner, whose weapon lies in its place beside him. The tub is before him, containing the coiled whale line, perfect in every fibre, for a single kink in the rope may be fatal to a crew. When the whale feels the iron, and "sounds," if the rope catches for an instant, boat and crew would go down to the coral in the twinkling of an eye.

Beside the paddle, there are the oars, tough, light and elastic, the work of the best makers. The harpooner has his weapon, the harpoon; the officer in charge another, the lance, a weapon with a point like a needle, and a long wooden shaft.

The four boats keep together, paddling in silence, not a man daring even to whisper. They know well that if they can get close to the herd without being seen, it may save them a long and laborious pull. The paddles dip deep in the water, gripped with muscular force, and come out without a splash. The Indian in his canoe is not more silent or skillful with the paddle than the old whaleman. On they creep, the officers using their steering oars with marvelous skill, a single turn of the broad blade turning the boat where they will.

As they paddled on swiftly, the eyes of Dick Fenton were fixed upon the gigantic prey. He had read of whales, had heard sailors yarns about them, but the reality was far beyond anything which he had imagined possible. There they lay, some moving slowly to and fro, their great square heads lifted high above the water, their jaws opened enough to scoop up the "red water," upon which they were feeding. From time to time, a hollow roar was heard, as a great bull whale shouldered his way through the smaller members of the herd, who gave way before him, for the sperm whale is pugnacious to the last degree.

"Oars!" whispered the mate.

The paddles were laid aside, the long oars took their places, and the men rowed on, their strokes making the boat spring. The other boats had followed their example, and spreading out like a fan, with three or four hundred yards of water between each craft, they rushed on.

"There go flukes!" cried the mate. "Soundings!"

They saw the great broad flukes elevated, and the whales had gone down into the opal depths of the sea. The men sat like statues, their hands grasping the oars, ready to pull at a moment's warning. The mate, sitting coiled up in the stern, lifted the pipe which lay on the thwart beside him and put it in his mouth, while his watch lay open on the other side. He knew, this old sea king, just how long the whale could stay under water, and puffing at his pipe, he calmly waited. There is a difference in the way in which officers manage a boat's crew, upon the whaling grounds. Some are calm and steady, others wildly profane, and others still half crazy with excitement. Weston was one of the persuasive, oily kind, and Forsythe excitable to the last degree. The captain, an old whaler, never allowed himself to be flurried by anything.

"Eyes in the boat," whispered the mate, as he shut his watch, and put it in his pocket. "Now, boys, if affection for me stirs any bosom in this boat, I pray you, show it now. Look at them beauties, my lovely children. Think of the sperm, the clear, lovely sperm, every gallon so much more for your spree on shore. Don't move until I give the word, and when I give it, spring."

But Dan Forsythe, his face flushed with excitement, addressed his men thus:

"Look out; the man that fails me now I'll knock all full of holes when we get on board. Sam Tully, if that Kanaka half-breed gets the best of you again, you ought to be kicked to death by a mule. We ought to beat—we *must* beat; we must, if we break our backs."

The captain's orders were short and sharp.

"Steady; eyes in the boat, and ready for the word. There she breaches—spring!"

Twenty-four oars dashed at once into the water, as the first whale hurled his ponderous bulk out of the sea, falling again with a resounding splash. Each officer had a reputation to sustain, and each man was keenly alive to the honor and pay to be received if their boat struck the first whale. Forsythe became a maniac for the moment, and roared like a mad bull.

"Oh-h-h! Rouse you sleepers. Bend your backs, you slow-coaches. Jump for your lives and spring before I brain you with the oars. Put me on that whale, you villains! Beach me on their backs, you sluggards, quick! If that Kanaka beats you, Sam! Why don't you spring, if you pull your arms out. Pull, you devil's babies, pull! Go, before I get crazy!"

But Weston's oily voice encouraged his men more than the bellowing of Forsythe.

"Pull, pull, my sons. Make the wood bend as you spring, and every stretcher tell. You love me, and I know it, but as yet you sleep. If there is any weakness in your backbones, say it now, and we'll go back to the ship, and I will ask the captain not to send me a lot of cripples in future. Oh, *do* pull, do! It grieves me to the heart that you refuse."

The boats rushed on towards the flying herd, the harpooners yelling like demons as they encouraged the men. The ferocious war-cry of Tatai Mainitu rang out on the clear air—"Ha-ha-ha! ee-ee-eah!" Sam Tully's Yankee shout rang clear and full, the shrill cry of Pete Frobisher rang out across the water, and the thundering bass of Congo Ned, the negro harpooner in the other mate's boat, was heard, as they dashed on. For a hundred yards they were head and head, and then the gigantic strength of Tatty began to tell, and the sharp nose of the captain's boat shot out beyond the rest, although they still strained every nerve. Forsythe worked his steering oar with maniac strength, and the wheedling voice of Weston was heard, more oily than ever, but for all that they could do, the captain's boat was two lengths ahead. Each boat singled out a whale and dashed at it.

Dick was all excitement; every nerve in his body tingled, and he never pulled in any race with half the vim he showed now, in the race for a whale. He saw the angular face of the Yankee mate brighten.

"You gain, you gain," he whispered. "There's one, Pete—a hundred barrels of prime sperm—rich, sweet sperm. Oh, think of it, boys; think of the hours of joy before you when we reach the sounding shores of old Connecticut. Look out now! Six strokes and we are into them. Ha! Quick work now. Stand up, harpoon!"

The order seemed to have been given by one man, but *four* had spoken. At the same instant up started four harpooners, each with the bright steel in his strong hand.

"Give it to him—now!" shouted the mate. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMA.

I am known the wide world round,
And am often wanting found
Where in plenty I abound.

Shapes of every kind I've got:
Straight and crooked—cold and hot—
Who can say that I am not?

Ever moving here and there,
Soft and hard, foul and fair,
Burdens often great I bear.

Yet I frequently let full
Many things however small,
Which I can't support at all.

Calm am I, yet know to foam;
Some for me a distance roam,
Though I may be found at home.

I'm a fluid, but appear
As a solid, far and near,
In a season of the year.

There are none that can destroy me,
But if they aright employ me,
Will undoubtedly enjoy me. IAGO.

CHARADES.

1.

A lady firm and proud was she,
And he a first of high degree,
Infirm, and cross, and old.
The dame's papa had said she should,
Altho' she vowed she never would,
Wed to the first for gold.
And so, to change her wilful mind,
The haughty lady was confined,
For days within her room.
Pa took the second's in his care,
And bid her of his rage beware,
Or dread a dreadful doom.
The lady smiled, she had no fear,
She knew her favored cavalier
For her would do and dare.
She from the casement quick elopes,
Papa and my first espying ropes,
Felt like the whole's they were.
M. MELLETT.

2.

A young man courts a pretty girl,
He don't wish to offend her,
But asks her to become his wife
A week before December.

But when the question's put to her,
A blush runs o'er her cheek;
She evidently feels my first,
And therefore cannot speak.

My second on most doors is found,
For safety I would say;
My whole will name a character
In one of Shakespeare's plays.
W. TYRRELL.

3.

My first is dazzling to the eye,
So rich, superb and grand;
And every one has felt its power,
In this and every land.

My second may be termed a veil,
Which overspreads the earth;
It renders everything obscure,
And hide's true nature's worth.

My whole, it is a canopy,
Oft borne by ladies fair,
When they go out to promenade,
Or pleasure anywhere.
W. TYRRELL.

4.

My first is my next, and my next is my first,
Provided my second be married;
My second's my whole, in ignorance nursed,
In labor and toil his soul is immersed,
All his days in the country he's tarried.

VERBAL CHARADE.

First is in cable, but not in rope;
Second in bishop, but not in pope;
Third in sailing, but not in rowing;
Fourth in mending, but not in sewing;
Fifth in acre, but not in rood;
Sixth in forage, but not in food;
Seventh in church, but not in steeple;
Eighth in king, but not in people;
My whole is a statesman of much fame—
If you read it aright, I've told you his name.

DECAPITATION.

If you a gale of wind behead, you'll
then perceive a shoemaker's tool.
R. C.

WOMAN'S AGE.

Shakspeare speaks of seven ages;
Woman's life has many stages;
To old age none will make pretence,
Their ages all of innocence.

1 One good age to live to see,
Without it you would frightened be.
2 Another age is round your hat;
3 And one beneath your feet the plat;
4 And one you see upon your plate;
5 And one you drink of ancient date;
6 And one before you in a roll,
Not quite so large as music scroll.
7 You knew in another age,
When flirting was in early stage,
With the new curate—don't deny it—
It could not be a crime to try it.
You had not then aspired so high,
As diamonds, lace and frippery.
8 An age when you tried hard to get
A splendid ducal coronet.
9 An age set up for rivalry;
10 A tender age girls long to see.
11 Another age goes by the train
Your wedding trousseau doth contain.
12 An age you left with smiles and tears,
Your heart oppress with anxious fears,
At leaving thus your father's door,
Perhaps to see his face no more.
For India bound, a blushing bride,
That parent's hope, and joy and pride.
13 When you give over dancing, then
Another age employs my pen;
Then comes the last sad stage of all,
14 When minds are held in captive thrall.
M. E.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 21.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 15, Vol. 54.

CHARADES.—1. Match-less. 2. Child-hood.

PUZZLE.—
1—N O N E.
2—N O O N.

METAGRAM.—Fool, Tool, Pool.

ENIGMA.—"Where Ignorance is Bliss 'tis Folly to be Wise."

WORD SQUARE.—
P O R C H
O P E R A
R E B U S
C R U S T
H A S T E

CONUNDRUMS.—1. She would wish him to come with a ring. 2. Because they are troublesome.

THE FOOTSTEP ON THE STAIR

BY ERNE E. REYFORD.

I have very many treasures,
That my heart has hid away;
There's a little curl that's brighter
Than the sunshine of the day;
And a little shoe that's faded,
Is among my treasures there—
And I listen, when I see it,
For a footstep on the stair,
For a patter, patter, patter,
Of a footstep on the stair.

Now those little feet are silent,
And the face is hidden low
Underneath the meadow grasses,
And the daisies' fragrant snow;
And I miss them in the morning,
Pattering feet, and face so fair—
But I listen most at bed-time,
For the footsteps on the stair,
For the patter, patter, patter,
Of the footsteps on the stair.

Then she'd come and kneel beside me
In her little gown of white,
And she'd say her short prayer over,
And would kiss me sweet good-night.
And I listen in the twilight,
Though I know she is not there
But I cannot still my yearning,
For the footsteps on the stair,
For the patter, patter, patter,
Of the footsteps on the stair.

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON,

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

LEAVING A CURSE.

Miriam Danvers, crouching down upon the floor, had heard all, and at last knew that she was lost. But a strange calm had come upon her with this consciousness. The old agonizing pain and dread was all gone. The thought came to her that she ought to come out and face these men, who had so cruelly plotted her downfall, and, coolly announcing her guilt, tell them she was prepared to meet her fate. But when she essayed to rise, she found that her strength had entirely deserted her.

She heard their footsteps coming out again, and she made a resolute effort to cry aloud to them as they passed, but she felt that her trembling lips had refused to give utterance to a single articulate sound.

She heard them go forth, and knew when Parks, a little later, had closed the house for the night. But still she stirred not.

How long she lay there no one ever knew, but the night must have been nearly gone when she at last staggered to her feet. She could see into the dimly-lighted hall, and contrived to make her way up to her own room. All its beauties struck her with a new sense of her own shame, and that she was looking at them for the last time. There was no breath save her own to disturb the terrible stillness. Eugene's portrait smiled down brightly, lovingly, from above the mantel. It seemed to her that the large truthful eyes were reading her very thoughts.

She got up hurriedly, and going to her wardrobe, took out her plainest dress of solid black and put it on. Then she looked for a bonnet and veil to match, and when she had tied the former about her head, she opened her writing-case, murmuring, "I must bid him farewell." She sat down with a portfolio upon her lap, and looked up once more at the portrait, when she took up her pen and wrote, in a trembling, scarcely legible hand:

My darling! My darling! I *am not* worthy of you, and, therefore, I go. But I do love you, Eugene. I have learned to love you with all the strength and nerveness and terror that despair alone can give.

She sealed these simple lines in an envelope, directed them, and placed them conspicuously upon a table.

"Yes, my darling," she whispered, looking up again, "in my girlhood the fancy—never known to mortal being, least of all known to him—that I loved Caspar Lenox caused me at once to betray him, Leonora Danvers, and poor Louis; but it was all nothing to the tender gratitude and devotion which I know now, when it is too late, that I feel for my husband. You might forgive me, Eugene—in the greatness of your soul you might—but the shame would kill me if I had to meet you again after you knew all. I never thought this could be so until now."

She was turning away, when some thought of Philip Danvers came over her, and her whole countenance changed suddenly.

"How I hate him!" she cried. "Let me strike him the blow that he will feel as worse than death, before I go." And again she took up her writing materials.

You have pursued me relentlessly from the hour I first crossed your threshold. It may be for the double purpose of visiting upon *me* the sins of my mother towards you—and you have accomplished your design—you have driven me from it forever. *But I also have my revenge. I shall bury with me a secret that you would freely barter all your hoarded wealth to know—a secret left for me by my mother when she took leave of the things of this world—the secret that concerns your nearest of blood—the son of whose fate you have been ignorant since infancy.* This thought will comfort me even in the agonies of death.
FAREWELL.

When this also had been sealed, she swept noiselessly down the steps, and going once more into Mr. Danvers' reading-room, laid it among his papers. When she returned she went directly to the front door, and opening it, went out, closed it after her, and walked away through the streets as the day was beginning faintly to dawn in the east.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FAITH AND LOVE.

At a quarter past three Eugene came home by the same route that he and his beautiful wife had come, on the eve of the opening of our story, when he had introduced her for the first time amid the scenes of his youth; only now his ringing footstep echoed alone upon the tessellated pavement, and he came bounding in, admitting a gust of frozen air through the open door, his cheery face beaming with life and animation, eager expectancy in look and manner.

Mr. Philip Danvers came out from his door, with a pale, disturbed face, and uncombed hair.

"Eugene, my son, let me speak with you. Come into my room."

"Let me but greet Miriam first," he said, as he ran up the steps. "I think I have good news for her. So one moment, father."

He had disappeared almost before he ceased speaking, and he made his way to her room.

"Miriam! Miriam!" he called.

There was no answer, and he looked into her boudoir, but the beloved face and form did not greet him.

"Poor darling!" he murmured, "she is weeping alone in the nursery, I dare say. Ah! there is no sacrifice I would not make to secure her happiness."

This was the simple truth, and he would have verified it with his life if need be.

Returning into his own room, the note upon the table, in her well-known hand, caught his eye. He took it up, and opened it with wondering curiosity. The strange lines dazed him, before he could at all take in their meaning.

"My darling! My darling! I am not worthy of you, and, therefore, I go. But I do love you, Eugene. I have learned to love you with all the strength and fierceness and terror that despair alone can give."

"Where is she gone?" he said, vacantly, with his hand to his head. "She is scarcely visiting, in her spirits, and in such weather, I fancy. Good heavens! now that I think of it, my father's face seemed full of a tender pity. Perhaps she is sick below, where my mother could be with her."

He was downstairs again in a flash, striding into his father's presence.

"Father, is Miriam in my mother's room? She—she, from your look, I fear, is sick, or she would have been here to welcome me. Only let me see her."

"Eugene, my son," began his father, gravely, "sit down and listen to me. You are a man, and will, I am sure, manifest a man's strength. You must prepare yourself for a severe shock."

Eugene was standing in the middle of the floor, a few feet in front of his father, who sat near the fire, in a large arm-chair. The light had all died out from the face of the former, until he was the older-looking man of the two, as they stood thus, in striking contrast to each other—the one a type of grave dignity and firmness, the other struggling that he might not display worse than a woman's weakness.

Eugene was running his hand nervously through his hair, and seemed to be staring at nothing.

"My son!" exclaimed Mr. Danvers, in a loud, clear tone, "are you listening to me? I told you that I had something to tell you."

"Yes—yes," answered Eugene, confusedly; "that is, I am trying to be calm. I would not have you think me less a man than I ought to be. Yes, I will hear you now. What is it?"

"You did not find your—wife in her rooms?"

Mr. Danvers hesitated even now, as though he hated even here to admit of such a relationship between them.

"No; she was not there."

"Did you see a note upon the table addressed to you?"

"Yes."

"What did it contain?"

"It is that that puzzles me," said Eugene, in a more natural tone. "Ah! yes, it did quite confuse me at first. There!" handing his father the crumpled bit of paper he had held in his hand. "You can read for yourself. She speaks of being *unworthy*—she, the angel!—and of going somewhere, because she loves me. Can you explain?"

"Yes; if you will allow me—but, as I said, you must prepare to be overwhelmed with sorrow and shame."

"Hold!" cried Eugene, suddenly, as though to arrest any further expression from the other, or thought within himself. "You used the word '*shame*,' father, in connection with my wife. It was accidental, I know, but it was horrible—*monstrous!* Now go on. This slow torture is killing me. Miriam is in the house?"

"No."

He moved a little uneasily, and put his hand to his head again.

"You said no; I will remember that. But I must go to her. Where is she?"

"*We do not know.*"

"*Don't know!* But—pshaw! She is out in the carriage, I suppose, and something has detained her. She would have been here to welcome me if she could, I know. She could hardly have thought it necessary to leave word."

"My boy," said Mr. Danvers, impressively, "why do you seem determined to cheat yourself in this way? Your own chivalrous, high-toned nature forbids you to suspect others; but you have seen enough of the world to know that hypocrisy and crime *do* exist."

"But general ethics can have nothing to do with this case, father. You saw Miriam at breakfast?"

"*No.*"

"When did she go away?"

"*During the night*, last night."

"Ah! my God! Then the poor darling has been sorrowing alone in her room, and thinking of her lost boy, until her reason has been disturbed. She had grown feeble and nervous. You have, of course, sent out all our friends and the police—and they have made no report?"

"None."

"I must go and direct them, day and night, in person, until she is brought back. Of course, no one will find her so readily as I. The affinity of our souls will draw us together. I must go at once."

"Eugene," said Mr. Danvers, "she will not see you again. What does she say in her note? She *is not worthy of you.* She saw Guy Fisher here, and grew alarmed. She knew that he was possessed of many facts in her past life which would ruin her in your estimation. I——"

"Father!" cried Eugene, in a terrible voice, "you may take advantage of our relation to stab me with refined cruelty; but warn your friend, Guy Fisher, that if he breathes her name in my hearing, with other than courtly deference, I shall slay him as I would a tiger. *I love her! I trust her! Say nothing*, if you will not speak well of her, as you value my life, and would ever look upon my face again."

This might be madness. Mr. Danvers, from his stand-point, thought that it was, and a madness of such dangerous character, that he dared not provoke it farther.

"She has, of course, taken refuge somewhere, and will not be found at once," thought Mr. Danvers, "and in the meantime let him meditate upon what he has heard. Then, should she again attempt to deceive him, I can furnish him the proofs. Yet my heart was wrung with pity for him. My God! what a wicked sorceress she was! and how he loved her!"

Yes, Miriam Danvers, in the years to come, when idle tongues shall wag at will about your beauty and your crimes, the crown of censure shall be given to you with these words: "And how he loved her!"

Loyal to the last, Eugene, like the gentleman's son you were, faith and love were so inwoven with your thoughts of her, that the world's scandal only made her the purer in your eyes—the vicarious offering upon our earth's guilty altars of sacrifice!

"Her sensitive nature has been harassed into the belief that I might love her less for some incident of her old life that she had not thought proper to divulge, while, for my life, I would not have had her recall one memory that could have made her heave a sigh. I required no confession—as I made none—when we agreed to take each other for better or for worse, and I will have none now. Let me but come up with her, and I'll bring her back and save her if she is still alive. And, oh, my God! grant that in this benighting of her mind, she may not dimly recall the fate of her lost child's nurse, with thought to imitate it."

Never once did he doubt but that she had gone forth, in the aberration of her mind, not knowing what she did, and that sorrow for Cecil had been the leading cause.

Whatever it was, his duty as her loving husband was the same: to hunt for her in person and through all public agencies, until he should find and shelter her once more.

No time for dinner or other idle delay. He took horses at the nearest coach stand, and then on to the police stations with speed; for the winter's night was fast coming on. At every solitary female figure going through the streets he looks, and there were many lonely women, desolate as she, perhaps, all houseless in the coming storm this winter's eve, but the form he sought was not amongst them all.

Some lonely moving shadows, with women's drapery about them, he espied in corners of bridges, looking over at the shivering, shimmering waters; or down where the larger shadows of nature towered above them by the river's side; and once or twice dark, shapeless objects floated past him, eddying with the tide, more solitary than all the rest; and clinging with a drowning hold upon his thoughts. Was she there? Would he find his queenly idol among the living or the dead? These alone were the thoughts that occupied him during the livelong night; and for many days to come, scarcely tasting food, and taking no rest except when nodding now and then upon the way, through solitary streets, and out upon the yet more solitary heaths, and roads that led off into wild country wastes, where the very shadows of the forest oaks threw a ghastly gloom across the desolate landscape.

And as the hours went, worth their additional thousands now, as hope became more faint, the impercipient substance of a presentiment occupied the vacant seats beside Eugene, and took gradual possession of his heart and mind, that he should never more find her as she had been in the blessed past, that had been so without a cloud to him. And in those few days, those who had known him all the while, perceived that he was growing old and gray, and murmured, sympathetically:

"How he loved her!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GUERRE A LA MORT.

On the morning when Miriam escaped from the Danvers' mansion—that stood back, impressively grand upon its stately grounds, and gave no outward token of the wrongs that had been wrought within—she had drawn her heavy veil about her face, and hurried away at random, only counting upon putting the greatest possible distance between herself and that within the shortest time. To escape from it, and to escape forever, was all her desire now.

"He might pardon me—I believe he would," she murmured; "but I can never face him when he knows all that. He trusted me so fully. Only let me get away now. Only let me never see him again."

On and still on she strayed, until her feet grew sore and weary, yet she dared not stop.

Later in the day carriages rattled past her, whose occupants would still have bowed in lowly reverence had they but caught a glimpse of her face, for it was not known to them yet; but she turned away her head, and shrunk along with the timid air of servant who might have been guilty of theft. Weary and more weary she grew, and when the evening came she was still tottering with feeble steps along the obscurer streets, where those who knew her in her power never came. In all her wretchedness she remembered that she was safe here, and she drew aside her veil that her suffocated lungs might breathe the freer air. Men and women passed and looked wonderingly at her, for over her still splendid beauty there was yet the unmistakable stamp of high cultivation and association, and a childlike pensiveness of expression that the homeless Magdalene cannot assume.

The street lamps were being lit, when, almost fainting from fatigue and hunger—for she had tasted no food since the day before—she half staggered against a man who was brushing past her. The man, after the usual habit, uttered a brief apology, to which she was giving no thought until something in the final notes of his voice caused her to look up; and turning suddenly, she seized him by the arm.

"In the name of heaven who are you?" The veil had fallen partially over her face again, and that face had changed, perhaps, as much as it would ever do between death and burial on this day.

"My name could interest a stranger but little," answered the man, unamiably, "and those who were once my friends, were but too ready to forget it."

"Stop!" she cried, throwing back her veil and lifting her face to his. "Strange as this last encounter may be, after all these years, I know you—you are Caspar Lenox."

"And you?"

She was standing with her back towards the light, and the shadow rendered her features indistinct.

"Do you not know?"

"No."

She grasped him nervously by the arm, and led him back under the full glare of the street lamp.

"Now! I suppose I have not changed past recognition in a day. You will not feign ignorance still?"

"No, *Miriam Roscoe Dupre Danvers*, I recognize you now," he exclaimed, with a harsh laugh. "Alone in the street at this hour of the night! Was the blow we struck so effectual—so swift?"

"What a devil you always were!" she murmured, in a half soliloquy. "And, oh my God, how I learned to hate you! I *must* talk to you about this before I die, and the end is not far, I think. Where shall it be? I have something to tell you that the world shall not hear."

"As you spoke of death, and I don't suppose the subject you would discuss is particularly pleasant, suppose we choose an appropriate place, and go in here?"

He had turned down the street, and they were now passing a church set back among the tombstones.

"Into the churchyard?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"Yes; why not?"

"Why not, indeed," she answered, with a bitter laugh, as she followed him through the little gate, "when I hope soon to be here, if they will only give me a place."

"So you are suffering at last?" he said, turning round. "The Bible had told me that if we have faith to remove mountains it shall be done, and I had never believed it until now."

"I have suffered all my life!" she cried out bitterly; "and you were demons to pursue me thus. But, thank God, I shall triumph in the end. You have cast me out from my home, you have turned my husband from me, and you have brought me here to die. But you will not wish still to pursue a woman who, of her own choice, has but a few hours to live. I would see my child once more. Take me to him."

"When you murdered the father?"

"You worse than stock or stone?" she exclaimed; "am I not paying penance for that now? He is better off than you or I. It was of the child I spoke. I must see him."

"It is impossible."

"Impossible! how? You will surely not deny that you were instrumental in taking him from me?"

"No."

"Is he alive?"

"Yes."

"Then why may I not see him?"

"He is a thousand miles from here."

"Where?"

"I do not know, exactly; and if I did, the time has not come to tell you."

She had sank down on a tombstone, too feeble to stand.

"I tell you," she said, feebly, "there are but a few more hours of life for me. Can you not see that?"

"You were in almost a similar strait when you made the world, myself included, believe, until very recently, that Louis Dupre was dead. Yet see with what flying colors you came out of that. Your husband may pursue you even now, and agree to forgive the past."

"But I tell you he knows *all* ere this," she cried, sharply; "and I will hide myself at the bottom of yonder river or ocean, rather than see him again."

"Have you thought of Leonora Danvers to-day?" he asked, moodily, standing like Nemesis above her.

"No. She, too, is dead, I suppose. And, besides, she had crossed my path. I did only what she would have done in my place."

"And yet it was for *your* share in her ruin that I have pursued you, even to this," he fairly hissed in answer. "You are now suffering a part of what she endured for so long."

"Her husband was the one to avenge her," said Miriam, with bowed head.

"Her husband?" repeated Lenox, savagely. "You two were leagued together, until one would have imagined your object was, by a double murder, to unite two of the most wicked people on earth. Yet not even you could have drawn me aside, until my vengeance had first overtaken *him!*"

"Well," she exclaimed, "it is done. He, you say, is dead, and I am speedily to follow. What would you more?"

"That you should live, and suffer," he replied, with slow emphasis. "Suffer as you have made others do. No, he lives; but his fate is sealed more securely than yours. He is to drag out twenty years in a prison cell."

"My God! you could feel that towards a man who had befriended you as he did, and yet you call me wicked?" she cried, in amazement.

"Befriended me for what?" exclaimed Lenox, in a terrible voice. "That he might have a fag at school, and play the princely patron. By education he increased my capacity to suffer, and then remorselessly put me to the rack. Did I owe gratitude to *him?*"

"But I can prove to you that he was less guilty than you," replied Miriam, earnestly, "though that is no business of mine. I have papers that I can place in your hands, anything if you will only listen to my prayer to-night, and let me see my boy. Will you do it?"

"No."

"See, I am kneeling in the dust to you. I, who have never sued to mortal before. It is a little thing to grant to a dying woman, that she may see her only child for a few moments, to warn him against the shoals upon which he has been wrecked."

"But we have carefully steered his bark over the same track," he replied, with a bitter laugh, "and its natural tendency was to follow. No, as your race began with crime, so shall it end."

"And you refuse me still?"

"Yes."

"No prayer for mercy—no confession can move you?"

"No."

"Where is the woman who appealed to me, and whom I spurned; the woman whom I first betrayed, and whom you afterwards made your wife—Nina Da Costa?"

"Bah!" he laughed cruelly, still. "You must have known better than that. It was strictly a *marriage de convenance*, that we might help each other in matters like this."

"And she is not your wife?"

"We are scarcely fonder of each other than you and I, except that we did consent to work together for a while. No."

"Well, I would see her."

"For what purpose? Would you think to move her?"

"She had a woman's heart in her bosom. Yes."

"You have changed it to stone," he answered. "So appeal to me—to these images above the dead here, rather than to her."

"I do not believe it. I spurned her, it is true, but she will listen to me now. Can I see her?"

"Yes. Follow me."

He went out with her again, but they had gone but a few hundred yards, when he rapped at the door of a small cottage, and a voice from within bade him enter.

He pushed open the door and walked in, followed by Miriam. Nina DaCosta sat under the gas light, busily engaged with her work.

"Good evening," said Lenox. "I have brought you a visitor."

Nina turned quickly and confronted the woman in black. Miriam again uncovered her face, and the two stood for a moment, in dumbfounded silence, looking at each other.

"You had not expected me so soon," said Miriam, quite calmly, "but your united work was well done, and I am here."

"Then," answered Nina, with a wicked smile, "for once in my life, I am glad to see you, though I have got to learn the object of your visit."

"I am cast out from home," replied Miriam, in the same tone. "All my crimes are known, and shame has overtaken me. I come as you did to me a year ago, to ask for mercy."

"And you shall have it." The tone was cold and hard, and the face cruelly triumphant. "What is it you wish?"

"To see my child, whom you, too, have so long and so wickedly hid from me," answered Miriam. "You have hunted me to the death. I feel it in every throb of my heart. Well, against me you may have had cause of hatred, but surely he is innocent. I would see him once more; it is the dying prayer of a mother's heart. Only bring him to me for a few moments before I go."

"Did you ask it of him?" questioned Nina, pointing to Lenox.

"Yes."

"And he refused?"

"Yes."

"And you thought I would heed you?"

"Yes."

"Then listen to me." She, too, had risen, and now stood before the woman whose grand beauty had heretofore secured her all triumphs, but whom the retributive justice of heaven had at last overtaken. "You come to me to sue for mercy. You who have persistently and soullessly destroyed my whole life! You, who, to be revenged on Leonora Leslie, for some unknown cause, slandered her, enticed her husband into your crafty nets, and spent his fortune. You, who could not spare a stranger who had never wronged you, but while professing to be my dearest friend, were again exerting your wiles over the man who loved me, until you maddened him into making you his wife. You ask mercy of me! Yet, as God is my judge, I might have granted it, had you stopped there. I might have forgiven you for Louis' sake, had you been kind, and true, and tender to him, for I loved him as I have never done anything in this world—as I fear I shall never do my God. But see, you had no sooner spent his money, and that which your father had so fraudulently secured from Arnold Leslie, in a vain effort to save that father from the punishment of the law, which he so richly merited, than you wearied of the husband you had sworn to cherish; and only lacking the courage to kill him mercifully at one blow, you murdered him by inches, that you might secure another and a richer husband, that with your accursed beauty you might queen it in the high places of the earth. Can you deny all this?"

"No."

"And still you ask me for mercy?"

"Yes."

The dark circles about Miriam's eyes gave her a spectral look, as she uttered these monosyllables in a clear, hard tone.

"Hear me then again," replied Nina, with a ringing laugh. "When I, who had been deserted and forgotten by you both, learned how you had betrayed and tortured and maddened him, my whole nature was changed. Like the dove before, I became an enraged tigress, whose hungry fury was never to be appeased, until you had been hunted down and destroyed with such tortures as you inflicted on him. I have traveled through foreign countries, have traversed whole continents, and have crossed stormy oceans. I have walked hundreds of miles alone, have endured hunger and cold and wretchedness, determined that nothing but death should induce me to give over until I could say to my lost love, 'you have been avenged.' And yet, you have come to me!"

"In the name of God, yes."

"A name you never called on, until you were in the dust," returned Nina, sharply. "Nor shall it be profaned now. You had far better appeal to the wind than to me, for that does change. Do you think that I have suffered all this, that each of us—this man here, and I—I mean, have suffered and toiled as we have done, to show mercy to you, when the poisoned arrow first begins to wrankle in your bosom. No, against all the vigilance of the hundred detectives your money has employed, we have hidden the child from you, and you should not see him to-night though the whole world could be laid at my feet as a recompense. If that is all you wanted you can go."

"Only tell me?" cried Miriam, clasping her hands wildly, "if you have him here—if he is within the sound of my voice. Cecil! Cecil!" she called.

"Cry until you faint," returned Nina, coldly; "but he will not answer you. He is far enough away by this."

"And you refuse to tell me where?" asked Miriam, suddenly, with a strange gleam in her dark eyes.

"Yes—a thousand times yes."

"And you," she continued, turning towards Lenox.

"I told you outside. Yes."

"But I might tell you a secret in exchange, that you would go down on your knees to me, as I am doing, to learn," she exclaimed. "Suppose I could reveal to you the mystery of your birth—could tell you where, among the mighty of the land, you could find your parents, and your true name?"

"Bah!" he laughed. "You are subtle at romance. I should never believe you. We are about even now, I think, and I may go. You two can finish your recriminations at leisure," and he started towards the door.

"Stay!" cried Miriam, springing after him. "Stay and let my dying curse pursue you. It is, after all, you who have blighted my life; yet I might have forgiven you now, had you listened to my prayer, but you would not. You have sealed my doom, so hear me in return. To-night you are a nameless wanderer over the earth, without fortune, and seemingly without kindred, but to me—even to me—though you have never dreamed it, was committed the secret of your birth. This hour you have a legitimate right to one of the finest names and most princely fortunes in the land, which I can prove beyond all doubt, but you shall see that *hate* is stronger with me, too, than even a mother's love. I would not tell you, though you could place my

child this moment in my arms, and restore me tenfold to my husband's confidence and love. *Mark well what I say. I shall take that secret with me to the grave, and you will have to pluck it thence ere you know the blood that pulses through your veins. So I shall triumph even then. Farewell.*"

She was turning towards the door, when the fatigue and wretchedness of the day overcame her suddenly, and throwing up her hands with a cry, she fell, fainting to the floor.

Lenox lifted her in his arms.

"Change her clothing, quickly, and let me summon a physician," he said, hurriedly to Nina. "I would not have her die, now and here, for the world. We must bring her back to life, if attention can do it. If disclosure be necessary, you can summon her husband. You can truly say that she appealed to you, and did not wish her whereabouts to be known by her friends. *She must not die.*"

"I, too, would have her live," replied Nina. "But go, or it may be too late."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RESTORED.

The Danvers house kept up its state, as people of the sort somehow can and will, through all. Mrs. Danvers, the elder, was, of course, nervously indisposed—that was perfectly allowable in a woman—and Mr. Danvers unapproachably grave and stern. Eugene came and went sometimes, but all the old joyous life had died out from his walk and look. The servants moved about, in the execution of their duty, as well as paid servants, in a great house will—helping wonderfully, in their own way, to maintain its dignity. Scandal might run riot outside, but here a pall was spread, and no rude hand dared turn it down.

Once again, after some days, Mr. Danvers had approached Eugene. "My son, you should be reconciled. She would never have abandoned you if she had felt worthy of your love."

"She *was* worthy," he replied in a firm tone. "Father I would have you hear me once for all. You see I am calm today, a perfect dead sea calm. You had heard something about my wife when she first came. You have heard something of a much graver nature now, I see. You may believe it; I don't ask you whether you do or not, and I don't want to know. I loved her enough to make her my wife, and I *still* trust her still. There is something divine in believing and having faith, through all the darkness of the world's infidelity. You wish to tell me, I see, but it will do no good. You do not wish to punish me; that is impossible, from the great sympathy I read in your face. Well, cherish that sympathy for me, if you will. I need it, God knows, but I refuse to hear you. I refuse to be convinced. If she is living, I shall find her. If she is dead, I must submit, for that will be God's work."

And the father was, for once, awed by the son.

But smother it as they would, the fire must burst out.

Young Mrs. Danvers had grieved for her lost child, until her delicate nervous constitution had been quite upset, and she had left her home, in the temporary fever of delirium, to look for it.

All this sounded very well, and persons employed to retail it might do so with quite a grave face; but there *are* people, in sagacious Yankeedom, you must know, my reader, who will not be fed with chaff, or bamboozled in any way.

Rumor, always busy, persists that its long nose is as aristocratic as any one's, and that it has a perfect right to thrust it inquisitively into any matter presented for its consideration.

All the bulletins on earth could not convince it that there was not something radically wrong in the Danvers family. Not to believe this, was to confess yourself nobody. Young Mrs. Danvers had been a remarkable woman; and she had had a head. Oh, yes, a head much too steady to be upset for anything. At Tiffany's, the jewelers, and Stewart's, the great mercantile emporium, this splendid patroness of their stock was freely discussed by the tradesmen behind the counter.

Loftily inscrutable as she had appeared, they had never—do you know—believed her exactly right. She had been far too handsome. Women themselves, and certainly their parents and husbands, are much better off when they have not more than their share of beauty. She had been a stranger, too, and the wisely wary will always look after the antecedents of an unknown and beautiful woman, who flashes suddenly into the very zenith of high life, from—nobody knows where. And it was rumored that Eugene Danvers had taken her quite on trust, with no other security than her face. She had been confessedly the widow of an army officer, and the camp is not a good school for a pretty woman's morals.

At balls and suppers and operas, in select coteries where she has been freely admitted peeress; at loves, where she has queened royally, they handle her now with gloves, it is true, but something roughly for all that. How had it happened? With whom had she gone? Elopements were shocking things, but they were becoming quite common.

And so she is discussed by her set, with studied shoulder shrugs, with the raciest slang in vogue, amongst street-corner swells; and that perfection of indifference which the *haut ton* can manifest for our direst misfortunes.

"Poor, dear Eugene! As good a fellow as ever lived. But always was a little odd, you know, and would have his own way. He might have known she was not to be trusted."

And Eugene!

The hardiest of them all would not have dared one shrug or slang before him for all they were, or might be worth in worldly goods. And Mr. and Mrs. Danvers wept as they looked at him, murmuring deep down in their hearts, "It is better so." But even this they would not tell him now, for all their wealth.

And all this while, Miriam had lain in the house of the woman who had pursued her to her downfall, dangerously ill by turns, wildly delirious or lethargically stupid. Much talked she all this while of Louis Dupre, of Cecil and Alkaine, of her father and the Danvers household, but no word of what she had hinted on that last night to Caspar Lenox had since passed her lips. Talk to her as they would, her answer was: "It must die with me; to know it he shall wring it from my grave."

"Your sister has something on her mind," said the old doctor, who, however, chanced to be a good one, to Nina. "There is some one she wishes to see; and unless she does, she must die."

"Your sister only in misfortune," Caspar Lenox, instructed, in secret. "She appealed to you as woman to woman not to betray her, and you promised. But her life is at stake. They will never know you. Send for her husband."

That was easily managed. The lady had come about nightfall from the streets, and relating a touching story, without telling her name, had fallen in a swoon upon the floor. They were sisters in misfortune now, and it had been only through delirious mutterings, and the advertisements in the papers, that she had begun to suspect.

Eugene came, as every one knew he would, in eager haste. He never doubted the truth of what he heard. He was satisfied to find Miriam at last. He would make this seemingly good woman who had protected her rich, though she might bury the reward as Athelstane did coming out of the Danish camp, as soon as his back was turned.

Poor, hollow-eyed Miriam, she had dreaded this encounter, as worse than death, while she knew all; but now that she knew nothing, it affected her not at all. If she could have seen him; could have known all he felt, above humiliation, some comfort might surely have come to her at the last, but he was as the veriest stranger to her.

Great physicians came and went, and on the earliest possible day, she was transported back to the grand old place, and up the stately stairway to her own old rooms.

Eugene had written briefly to his father, saying, "Shall I bring her there, or take her with me to a public house?" And Philip Danvers, learning from Dr. Westman that the end was very near, replied, for Eugene's sake, but with reluctance still:

"*Here!*"

Not so near as they thought.

Night and day, night and day, by her side, watched Eugene; but no word or smile of recognition greeted him still. Her mind seemed far away, wandering through unknown realms.

Great physicians came and went, came and went, and still the end had not come. Dr. Westman still reported death as waiting at the door. But, *monsieur le docteur*, it was not ready to enter yet.

At last she began to mutter somewhat more coherently of the things about her, and to sit up in bed, but there was yet no light of reason in her eye.

Nina had dropped once or twice into the servant's hall to learn how the lady was.

"Going," some of the attendants reported, "but she certainly does hold on. One or two of the doctors contend that if her child could be brought back, her reason might yet be restored, and she could live; but as they have not found the boy yet they are not likely to do it, I think. He must be dead."

This was reported at once to Lenox.

"I will telegraph for the child, without delay," he cried. "We have no farther need for him. He shall be restored to her now, to bring her back to the things of this world, if possible. She *must* not die!"

Must not, if love or hatred can prevent; but Caspar Lenox knew that the death angel heeds not the prayers of one or the imprecations of the other. Our idols are cut down and our enemies flourish. And it is madness in us to cry to cry to the deaf reaper, "What doest thou?" We cannot stay or turn his work.

Too late, Cecil, too late. Arriving at the depot, Jack Robinson tells you it is best for you, henceforth to return to the great house, and win its patronage by obedience. And truth to say, he is something weary, and has not found his romantic life altogether so jolly as he had thought; so he goes in with a half sullen, half sheepish "How-dy" to Eugene, and "the stupid old people," and hides his face in the covering, and cries rather boisterously at his mother's side, but she turns away with a frown, at the noise, and does not know him.

After a while, however, she calls him Cecil, and speaks to Eugene by name, but there is neither remorse nor kindling affection in her eyes, and the learned M. D.'s declare her mind quite irrevocably gone. But not yet so entirely, as they think.

The young Mrs. Danvers was such a remarkable woman, as quite to defy all rules, and she begins to walk about her room, and to speak to those around her in much the same fashion as of old. She is querulous, and has forgotten that she has ever been away at all. Only Eugene knows how changed she is, and weeps in secret over it.

One day, however, when they all agree that she is fast recovering, and will soon be well, she lies down upon the bed "to sleep for a while," she says, and they find, on coming to her, that she has disappointed them again, and that the end has come.

Yes, Miriam sleeping "for a while;" but the awakening must be before the bar of God!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOOKING FORWARD.

One hundred years from now! Have you ever thought of it? When you see the fading leaf, the opening bud, or the perfect blossom, did you ever think who will look upon the flowers that will bloom, the buds that will unfold, or the leaves that will fall and wither, one hundred years from now? Or, when you have walked the streets, meeting the people that pass and repass like the waves of the ocean, did you ever think who will walk these streets one hundred years from now? Such thoughts are not pleasant, yet it is well to cherish them, that we may realize more fully the fleeting nature of earthly things. Yes, they are sad thoughts! yet the pulse must cease its beating—decay must set its seal on the perishing frame, while the soul feels not the touch of time and years.

We know that each passing season bears with it many changes; but leaves and flowers are not all that fade, or the voice of music all that passes away. Death is in our world; and all humanity must feel the touch of the great destroyer. Let us linger on the thought, though the skies may be as beautiful, and the earth robed in as much loveliness, yet the eyes that now look upon them will all be closed!—closed in the sleep that knows no waking, until the trumpet shall sound at the last great day of judgment! One hundred years, and the child on whose path the snows of the first winter are now falling, and the old man who for fourscore years has marked the blossoms fade, will have "passed away."

Too earnest a desire to excel, often sets a man below his real worth in the estimation of others.

TAKEN FROM LIFE.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

I know quite well just now it's all the rage
To bend the knee to "woman's heavenly beauty,"
And prate about her *eyes* and not her *duty*.
But, oh, ye men, ye men, if ye but knew
How "lovely woman" really laughs at you
When all her sterling virtues you ignore
And all her petty vanities adore;
When trashy compliments you think must please her,
Though eight times out of ten they only tease her,
'Tis very like you'll find to your surprise
That *real* women "worshiping" despise.
A woman true, to empty air will scatter
Man's fulsome words that crawl and lie and flatter.
Content to be what Heaven's wisdom made her,
And fly the bending fools who but degrade her;
Who make her eyes "bright stars," or "gems of flame,"
And find for every grace some sickly name;
No "diamonds" shine in her laughing eyes,
Nor "purest blue of heaven's azure skies;"
No "rosebuds" fair her "fairy cheeks" adorn,
Nor "ruddy mantle of the bashful morn;"
Cheeks simply blushing with the wind's caresses,
Eyes bright, and *sometimes* "silky-looking tresses;"
Lips that may *sometimes* kisses "half invite,"
But *not* "like Cupid's bow"—*that* simile's too trite.
She knows that Heaven never meant
An "angel" should on earth be sent;
Such impious flattery she scorns,
And woman's proper sphere adorns.
This is the helpmate that will please a true man,
No "angel," but a simple, loving woman.
No "goddess" she, and well, right well, she knows it,
In every daily act of life she shows it;
A "goddess" *cook!*—the thought is far too cruel,
Fancy a "goddess" *making water-gruel!*
A "goddess" hashing up cold legs of mutton!
A "goddess" sewing on a stray shirt-button!
Nay, nay—a true-soul'd woman well affords
To rise above such worship and such words.
Happy, if loved where she herself loves best,
She'll live and love, and go without the rest:
The angel's crown on earth she'll cheerfully resign,
Content if, duty done, she wins a crown divine.

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

No. 5.—THE WHITE ROSE.

The following singular legend dates back to the thirteenth century. There dwelt at this period, in the Abbey of Sain, a venerable and ascetic monk, called Wertham. His lank cheek, deep-sunk eyes, and wrinkled visage, clearly indicated that he was far advanced in years. Habitually reserved, most punctual and precise in his attendance to his monastic duties, being remarkable for a rigid observance of the rules made by the Prior for the guidance of the brotherhood, Wertham carried fast, penance, and self-denial to its uttermost limits. Sad, silent, thoughtful, and at times melancholy, he seemed to be a man who had bid adieu to all earthly joys or sorrows, and so the years sped on over the silvered head of the passionless monk, until at length something happened—a circumstance apparently of no very great import—which changed the current of his thoughts, changed also his bearing and demeanor.

The bell had rung for matins—the monks were chanting in the chapel—the sonorous voice of the priest was heard beneath the arched roof. Wertham glanced at the cushion of his chair; his eyes were riveted on one small object lying there—it was a white rose! With tremulous hands he took up the flower, and then sank into his seat with a heavy sigh. Those who happened to be near him at this time did not at first notice the change that had come over their companion, whose countenance exhibited a more than usual pallor. There was a nervous twitching about the corners of the mouth, a strange glitter in the eyes, which caused one of the monks to whisper to his nearest brother:

"Wertham is not well; see how his eyes glare."

"Hush!" returned the other; "some troubled thought is passing through his brain."

The service continued, and, for the first time, Wertham neglected answering to the responses. He sat mute and immovable in his chair, apparently heedless of all that was passing.

He held in his hand a fatal signal, the white rose; but no one besides himself comprehended the nature of the sign, which he deemed to be the symbol of his departure to another world.

"His ways are mysterious," murmured the monk who had first spoken, "and far beyond my comprehension. Indeed, his whole life is a mystery."

"Any one of us here present may say the same, with equal truth," answered the other. "Do not take notice of him; it will only irritate and vex him."

"Oh, well; I am silent," returned the first speaker, curtly.

Matins were concluded, whereupon Wertham rose from his chair; as he did so, he was observed to totter. One of the monks advanced and offered his arm, saying, as he did so, in a kind tone:

"You are not well."

"I am content," answered Wertham, accepting the proffered arm, "quite content. It is no more than I expected—what I have been looking for."

"How? What mean you?"

"The white rose!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the other, who was, however, in no way enlightened, for he could see nothing so very terrible in the queen of flowers. He, however, forbore from all further questioning, and led his enfeebled companion to his cell, whither he had requested to be conducted.

"Thanks, my friend—many thanks," said Wertham, stretching himself on his couch of wood. "So—that is well."

"You need advice, care, and attendance," observed the monk; "and you must permit me——"

"Peace!" exclaimed the sick man, with a deprecatory gesture. "I best know what I need."

"But you are ill—worse than you imagine."

"No, no; you are mistaken."

"Life is a precious gift."

"To some it may be, but to me it is not."

"You must let me have my way this once. I will hasten for assistance, and bring back with me the doctor."

"I do not desire to see him. His services are not needed—they are useless."

"That is impossible for either of us to tell."

"Utterly useless," repeated Wertham, holding forth the rose. "See here; this is the token—the symbol. My sands of life are well-nigh run. Do me one last favor."

"Name it, and it shall be done."

"Tell Father Hugo that I would fain speak with him."

The monk at once hastened to make known the wishes of the sick man, whom he believed to be in imminent danger. Father Hugo happened to be away. He had left the abbey to pay his usual visits to the poor in the immediate neighborhood. Under these circumstances, the Prior returned with Wertham's messenger. He noted at the first glance that a change had come over the recluse, to whom he spoke some words of comfort, winding up his discourse with the request that he would consent to see the doctor.

"It will be of no avail if I do so; but, since you desire it, I must, perforce, consent," answered Wertham, sadly. "I am past all surgery now."

The doctor came. He found the patient weak and prostrated. He prescribed medicaments, which had the effect of increasing the flagging pulse of the sinking man, who was removed to a more comfortable apartment. All these arrangements were carried out without his offering any opposition; and in the after part of the day those in attendance upon him began to have hopes that he would rally. Not so the patient himself; he never for a moment doubted but that his last hour was approaching. His eyes, however, brightened when he was told that Father Hugo had returned. Few men of his time had greater reputation for learning and honor than the last-named ecclesiastic. Far and near, Hugo was known as the friend of the poor—as an honest, upright, high-minded, zealous churchman.

Upon reaching the apartment occupied by the sick monk, he hastened at once to afford him such consolation as the circumstances of the case demanded.

"You must not deny yourself those comforts which have now become a necessity, and without which it will be impossible for you to recover," said Hugo, in a kind tone. "You have subjected yourself to such a rigorous discipline, that it is not to be wondered at that you should be thus weak and prostrate. I conjure you, as you value your life——"

"Peace!" exclaimed the sick man. "I do not value my life. All that is past now. Before I leave this world—while I have strength left me—I would fain make known a secret which has been well kept through many sad and solitary years."

The priest bowed reverently; and then, drawing a chair towards the couch, he sat down by the bedside of the speaker.

"I am all attention," he observed, quietly. "Proceed."

Passing his withered hand twice or thrice across his wrinkled forehead, the monk looked in the face of his companion, and heaved a deep sigh.

"Ah, Father Hugo," he murmured, "you were very young when the last Count of Sain was in possession of the castle—very young!"

"I was so," answered the priest. "But I am not unmindful or forgetful of one fact. The count was my patron; the best friend I have ever known. Without him, the blessings of education would have been denied me. I have reason to bless the memory of Count Hebna von Sain. He passed away in the prime of manhood. Alas, that he should have been prematurely snatched from us!"

"I have something to tell about him."

"You?" exclaimed the priest, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, me!"

"I never knew you were acquainted with the count."

"He was headstrong and passionate," said the monk; "and when quite a young man, was enamoured of a beauteous girl, whom he met abroad. His love for her might be likened to a torrent which carried everything before it. Never, surely, was mortal man so passionately devoted to one of the opposite sex as was the Lord of Sain. I cannot tell you whether she was ever really attached to him; but I am inclined to think not. It will be enough, however, for my purpose to declare that she made him believe so. He married her. After the union, Count Hebna grew mistrustful of his accomplished and beauteous wife. Oh, Father Hugo, no one knows besides himself, the miserable days passed by this wretched victim to the fatal passion jealousy, which, like the upas tree of Java, poisons everything beneath its fatal boughs. Suspicious, watchful—alternating between hopes and fears—the count listened to the counsel of one whom he deemed his friend. He was persuaded by this person to set a watch upon the movements of the woman in whom he ought to have placed implicit confidence; but when once this dreadful passion takes root in the breast of its unhappy victim, he is lost—irretrievably lost!"

"I never knew aught of this sad story," ejaculated Hugo; "never suspected it. Are you certain as to the facts?"

"Quite certain!" returned the monk, with a bitter smile. "Do not think I am wandering; when you have heard me to the end, you will acknowledge the truth of all that I am about to make known to you."

"The Count Sain I knew was an honorable gentleman, and——"

"No more!" interrupted the monk. "He was so—or, at any rate, was deemed so. Do not interrupt me."

"Pardon me; but it is not easy to reconcile your story with what I have known of the person's character."

"You will, perhaps, hear me to the end, and then draw your own conclusion. I have said that the count caused a watch to be set upon the movements of his unsuspecting wife. He was informed by one of his emissaries that she paid frequent visits to a habitation—a small cottage—where she was in the habit of meeting a young man, who was a Swiss by birth—the countess herself was a native of Switzerland—and the natural conclusion was that these secret meetings were given to some lover whom she had known and encouraged before she had become acquainted with her present lord. Count Hebna von Sain was at this time on active service in the Holy Land; but those who kept watch and ward over his lady communicated with him at stated intervals. He greedily devoured every scrap of news forwarded, and lent a willing ear to the fatal suggestions of the spies who carried on a system of espionage in the immediate neighborhood of his castle."

"This appears to me to be perfectly incredible," observed Hugo.

"Be assured, my friend, that it is but too true, incredible as it may appear," answered Wertham.

"And was the countess——"

"Guiltless?" interrupted the narrator. "You shall hear. Wait for the bitter end."

"Then she had enemies?"

"Who has not?"

"Alas, yes! the best and noblest cannot escape calumny!"

"I ought to have informed you that the countess was of humble parentage. She was not nobly born; her father was a farmer in Switzerland, who was prosperous enough to have the means of giving his daughter a good education. She was possessed of a more than ordinary share of beauty, was graceful, had winning manners, and had been the pride of the family; and the intimacy was formed by the count during his travels. It ended, as I have already declared, in his espousing the daughter of the man who, as his host, had treated him, with so much hospitality. It ended in utter ruin! destruction! devastation! death!" exclaimed the narrator, with a deep groan, falling back upon the couch. "Death!" he repeated, in a hollow, sepulchral voice.

"You are weak and faint," said the priest.

"No," answered Wertham; "it may not be. You must not thwart me. Hear me to the end. I ask this as a last request."

"I will not oppose you, then. Proceed."

"It appeared that the countess became aware of the system of espionage which had been carried on for so long a time; and it is likely enough that her life became wearisome to her in consequence. She left Sain Castle, and proceeded by easy stages to Switzerland; and ere the news of her departure reached Palestine, her husband returned. He was informed by his vassals that his lady had gone to her native land. The count was furious. He had hastened home with the intention of suddenly surprising her. He, however, comported himself calmly, as if nothing had happened. But it was the calmness of despair, although none of his friends or domestics suspected the real nature of his feelings. He remained for a brief period in his ancestral home; received visitors as usual, and went through the ordinary routine of business, apparently with the most perfect composure, but all the while a serpent lay coiled round his heart—a serpent he had himself nurtured and cherished. Mad fool that he was!

"After remaining some time at Sain, he prepared to take his departure, for the purpose, as he professed, of returning to Palestine."

"And was not this so?" inquired the priest.

"No; he went secretly in search of his truant wife. At the base of one of that vast chain of mountains, whose enormous precipices, extensive regions of perpetual snow, and glaciers that resemble seas of ice, are contrasted by the vineyard and cultivated field—the richly-wooded brow, and the verdant valley and crystal stream—at the base of one of these did Count Hebna von Sain find his wife. She was not alone. A young man—he whom she had been in the habit of meeting—was by her side, presenting her with a white rose. The infuriated husband, mad with passion, rushed forward, and his avenging sword passed through the body of the ill-fated youth, who reeled back a few paces, and then fell back to the earth lifeless.

"The countess fixed her eyes upon his murderer.

"'Monster!' she ejaculated, 'whom bad passions have transformed into a demon—*you have slain my brother!*'

"Having given utterance to this speech, she fled, and hastened at an incredible speed up the mountain. The count followed, scarcely knowing why he did so, for at this time he was a prey to an agonizing sense of remorse. Quickly, with the fleetness of an antelope, the countess gained one of the peaks of the mountain.

"'Hear me—have pity on me!' ejaculated her husband, in moving accents.

"'Never again,' she answered, 'never more will I listen to words of yours! Live on, wretched man—live on through the bitter years that are to come. When your last hour is approaching, I will send you this as a token.' She held forth the white rose for a moment, and then plunged headlong into the abyss beneath.

"Full eight-and-thirty years have passed since that day, and to me they have been years of sorrow and repentance. Father Hugo, I have suffered much; and now, when relief comes, I feel thankful. See how well she has kept the promise! Here is the *white rose.*"

The priest was silent; he was intently scanning the features of the speaker.

"Can it be?" he murmured. "Impossible!"

"What?" inquired his companion.

"And I never suspected it—deemed him dead!"

"Father Hugo, look at these withered cheeks, these sunken eyes, this emaciated frame, this silvered head. Dost see aught in them to remind you of the proud Hebna von Sain?"

"And are you——"

"I am he," answered the dying monk.

Father Hugo remained thoughtful and silent for some little time; the narrative he had heard, sadly perplexed him. "But Count Hebna received his death-wound in the land of the infidel," he said.

"He was severely wounded; so much so, indeed, as to remain for hours in a state of insensibility beneath a heap of slain. When these last were removed, he returned to consciousness. His wounds were attended to by his pagan conquerors, who kept him in close confinement for very many years. Captivity, in addition to the sharp stings of an accusing conscience, wrought a change in Count Sain; a premature old age seemed to fall upon him, and when it so chanced that he was enabled, by accident rather than design, to make his escape from the hands of the unrighteous, he was so strangely altered in appearance as not to be recognizeable by his most intimate friends or associates. He wandered about on the continent for some years after this, visiting spots endeared to him by early recollection, but he could not find it in his heart to return to his ancestral home. The castle eventually passed into other hands. For the remaining portion of this history, you must refer to the dull, monotonous life of Wertham, the monk."

"My earliest and best friend—and is it thus we meet? How blind—how inexcusable I must have been, not to have suspected this! My patron! the good, kind, noble Count von Sain!" exclaimed Father Hugo, bending over the prostrate form of the dying monk. "Cheer up, my noble master. You must live on for a short time longer. It is cruel to have remained so long silent. Speak! Answer me. Say one word—only one word, Count Hebna! Alas! he heeds me not."

"I both hear and heed what you say," returned the monk. "Words are useless now. My last wishes and desires you will find in yonder paper. I need not tell you, Hugo, to see that they are carried out."

The father confessor pressed the cold hand of the speaker in token of consent. Then followed a silence, and when Father Hugo looked again in the face of his companion, the eyes were closed—the features rigid—the hands were crossed over the chest—they rested on the white rose. Wertham was dead!

FACETIÆ.

A POINT any woman can appreciate—Point lace.

WHY is love like a potato? Because it shoots from the eye.

LOVE without money is something like patent-leather boots without soles.

WHY are Cashmere shawls like deaf people? Because you can't make them here.

THERE are two things in this life for which a man is never prepared, and that is twins.

"AMATEUR gentlemen," says an old lady, "is a pretty good description of a certain class of young men."

THREE things that never agree: Two cats over one mouse, two wives in one house and two lovers after one lady.

THE new Chicago lake tunnel is euphemistically called "another sublacustrine source of *aqua pura* for the million."

A LANDLORD, having let all his houses but one, was asked if that unlet house was his last. "Yes, last, but not leased," was his reply.

THE word love in the Indian language is "Schemlendamourtchwager." Only think of it, girls, through your myriad fascinations, causing respectable young men to fall head over heels in schemlendamourtchwager with you! Why, its "perfeckedly 'orful."

THE following is a characteristic prayer from the heart of a little boy. He had evidently had a little "unpleasantness" with Aunt Effie: "Please, God, bless papa and mamma, and—and—and if you're a mind to, you may bless Aunt Effie; but I don't care."

ADVERTISEMENTS

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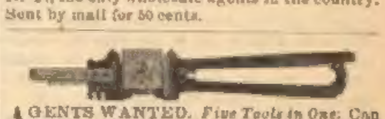

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The Boudoir
FASHION NOTES & QUERIES

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

We promised to describe more in detail some of the costumes in the popular cachemire de l'Inde. It comes in many shades, and is suitable for different occasions — the promenade—the drive—receptions, and even dinner and evening wear.

For these latter occasions the pale tints of rose, blue, gray and buff are very charming—especially when worn as overdresses above a silk skirt, of either black or some neutral tint—or a shade darker than the cachemire.

We saw a lovely model of pale pink, just the tint of the outer leaves of a Provence rose. It was made with a long apron front, which, however, instead of being all in one piece, was open down the front, and held together by bows of faille ribbon of a shade darker than the cachemire. A deep fringe of silk twist, beaded by a pearling of white jet, surrounded this overskirt. It was drawn back in loose plaits or folds upturning. A plain straight width was placed at the back, and caught up half way down, forming a bouffante under the basque tabs. The ends were trimmed with the same fringe, and were also embroidered in a pattern of palm leaves, done in pink twist and white jet. The basque was heart shape in front, and had a flaring collar ending in revers, which were lined with white faille. The forms at the back were lengthened to a half yard in depth, lined with white faille, and then turned under to form four loops. Under each loop was placed a plain tab, square at the end, and edged with fringe and a beading of white jet. The sleeves were half tight to the elbow; falling from thence in a double frill, plaited, of the cachemire, and lined with white faille. Rows of faille ribbon were placed on the outer seam, just where the frill joined the rest of the sleeve. Bows of faille closed the front of the basque instead of buttons. The fronts of the basque ended in four short, square tabs. This garment was to be worn over an underskirt of heavy black faille, or black velvet, and for dinner or evening wear, as its color would indicate.

Next we saw an entire costume of pearl-gray cachmere for the street.

The underskirt was trimmed in front with a deep scant flounce of the same, headed by a band of slate-colored velvet, above which was a scant standing ruffle, scalloped on the edge and bound with velvet of a shade to match the bias band or fold. This flounce was continued upon the back widths, only being deeper as it approached the middle of the back; and having at each side, where it met and joined the trimming of the front widths, three over-lapping bias pieces of the ruffle which headed the flounce, and similarly scalloped and bound, the scalloped edges turning toward the front. The back widths were lined with fine crinoline, and laid in a large triple box plait; this plait held in place by tapes placed at intervals down the seams until within a half yard of the bottom of the skirt.

The overdress was rounded in front, and had two full back widths; it was trimmed with a bias of the same, scalloped at the edges and bound with velvet. Two rows of velvet, cut bias, and half as wide as the velvet band upon the underskirt, headed the scalloped piece. It was looped at each side by a round passamenterie ornament of crochet, beaded with steel beads or "perles," as they are termed in Paris; two tassels hung below the round ornament, which we must not forget to mention was of silk twist, the same shade as the velvet. A wide sash of velvet, edged with fringe, was loosely looped together over the bouffant back.

Over the plain cuirass basque was worn a dolman cape, adjusted to the figure in the back, and having bretelles crossing the shoulders, scalloped and bound as was the trimming upon the overskirt, also headed with a small scalloped ruffle. The tuck of the dolman below the waist fell in a box plait, held in place at the waist by a bias band of velvet, about six inches long, and fastened at each end by passamenterie ornaments and tassels, similar to those on the overskirt. The wide-hanging sleeves of the dolman were scalloped and bound, and also braided in an arabesque pattern with soutache the shade of the velvet, and studded with steel "perles."

The hat worn with this very elegant costume was of black velvet, with a halo front, lined with pale blue; on the left side two half-blown Bengal roses; beyond which was a bird of shaded gray, and two ostrich tips, one blue, one gray.

We have seen two costumes for a little girl, so charming, that we must briefly describe them.

One was of navy blue vigogne, made in two pieces, skirt and jacket. The front of the skirt is trimmed with seven bias folds of the same, placed at regular intervals apart, and fastened at the left side with three bows of the vigogne, lined with blue faille. The folds were piped with faille.

The basque was tight fitting, having a round collar of the same lined with faille, and with revers of the latter, which met at the waist, and were joined by a bow of vigogne and faille—from thence widened until they reached the bottom of the basque. Sleeves half tight, with a deep-pointed cuff bound with faille, and trimmed with a small fold and two large smoked pearl buttons. Similar buttons close the front.

The back of the skirt laid in kilt plaits. The other suit was of gray poplin. The front of the underskirt laid in ten large kilt plaits, falling loose, and headed by a box-pleated ruffle, lined and bound with gray faille. Four bias flounces, trimmed with a narrow bias of silk, completed the back. A short apron overskirt, with a bias of silk around it, and perpendicular biases ending in a point, and about two and a half inches long, placed at regular intervals, surrounding it, was looped at the back, and had a short sash of silk. The basque was double breasted, fastening from the left shoulder down in a graceful curve that sloped to the left from the waist. Smoked pearl buttons, and biases of silk like those upon the overskirt, fastened and ornamented the front. Similar biases and buttons trimmed the coat sleeves.

A cunning little pocket, also trimmed, was placed outside upon the right side of the basque, on the flap.

Children, little girls, we mean, need felt hats with the brim turned up all round, and trimmed with bright ostrich tips and gay tropical birds. Cardinal red is very popular as trimming for black silks for evening wear. Flounces are bound with it, revers lined, cuffs of sleeves made, and to complete the costume, a wide sash of silk or ribbon of the same shade worn.

Long earrings are not as fashionable as small round ones. White silk neck ties, with deep-knotted fringe, are fashionable.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. P. K., Du Bois, Ill.—Answered your letter this week, and sent samples of silk, with prices attached. Hope they may please you.

PAULINE L.—You can, of course, have your wedding dress of satin. We prefer heavy faille. Bouillonees of tulle or crepe lisse will be appropriate trimming. Have your veil of tulle simply hemmed. Combine jessamine and smilax with the conventional orange blossoms.

ELLA R.—Your gray silk with long train can be made very fashionable by slightly drawing up the back widths, to form a bouffant or puff, and trimming the front to similate an apron overskirt. We would advise bias folds, and fringe of a darker shade; also get a sash of a shade to match the fringe.

BELLE B., Marysville, Kansas.—There is such a trimming as "blue jet." It is a dark shade of blue, quite fashionable for trimming silks, sacques, etc., but rather expensive. Your "Empress cloth" would be pretty, having the underskirt trimmed with two kilt-pleated flounces, five or six inches wide, headed by folds of same or silk the same shade. Polonaise, quite long, tied back very far with folds of same or silk; high standing collar and pointed cuffs of silk. Yes, we can furnish any patterns desired.

NINON.

THE TWO HANDS.

BY MARK LEMON.

A large brown hand by labor stained
Four snowy fingers prest,
As though a swarthy Cyclops strained
A white maid to his breast.

And fondly did that brown hand hold
Those fingers white as snow,
As though it were a link of gold
That would not let them go.

Time passes on. The two hands clasp
Another newly given;
As though they'd found an angel's grasp
To draw them up to heaven.

Once more the brown hand and the white
Are linked. So cold! so fast!—
As though true loving hearts unite
More closely at the last.

LIFE ON THE LONE CONTINENT.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

No. 7.—WARNER'S CRY.

Warner was a general favorite at the —— mines, both with the other officers and with the convicts. He was invariably kind and low spoken, but his pale, melancholy features never lighted up with a smile.

We were working a new mine. It had been opened by a party of speculators who showed great wisdom in making the officers shareholders, thus securing an interested overseeing not felt by mere hirelings.

We had to illustrate an old proverb that of "necessity being the mother of invention," for all our appurtenances were of the rudest stamp, our remote situation depriving us of the privileges which those nearer Melbourne and Victoria found it easy to obtain.

A rough shaft penetrated into the bowels of the earth, and the miners were windlassed up and down by a strong, rude contrivance, working with pulleys and cogs. It had the advantage of being easily worked and repaired, but the bucket being able to accommodate only two men at a time, made it quite a task to deliver the fifty men morning and evening, besides, at stated times, bringing up the metal; yet the officers and subalterns were well regulated, and matters moved like clock-work.

Warner had not been of the party at first, but the very day after one of the company, Blair, by name, had become disaffected, and purposed resigning, he came in seeking a situation, declaring himself weary of living the lonely life of a shepherd, an occupation which he had been following for some little time. We put him in the niche made vacant by Blair, and we all were satisfied with the exchange. He was steady at any task, and patient under all requirements, especially, remarkably so, with the miners, who were as wild, fierce, brutal and devilish a set as if they had been drafted, with malice prepense, from every chain-gang on the Lone Continent.

He often descended, out of the regular course, to see if the poor wretches, toiling hundreds of feet beneath the surface, were as comfortable as could be expected of those in their situation. He seemed to feel no fear, only pity and sympathy for the miserable fiends who had outlawed themselves from Christian lands and Christian ties.

Once I remonstrated with him.

"It's risky, Warner; and, really, why should you, in one sense, care? They are criminals, of the blackest type, but they knew when they were outraging mankind, by breaking the law, that it might, nay *would*, finally, come to this?"

"But it is hell, captain," he retorted, fiercely, "hell before their time. Chained—tigers and hyenas together—where it is torment not to fight, and death if they do. Ah, God! how I pity them! reeking and foaming and tainting in the weird, ghastly and unnatural light of the metal tombs, realizing that when they are released from there, that it is only to enter the open gate of hell."

His vehemence frightened me, because it was so unnatural; and the terrible picture which he had drawn was horrible because of its truth.

I did not remonstrate with him again, but I watched him often, while strange sensations crept along my nerves.

There were twenty of us officers and overseers, and more than fifty convicts; but our smaller party was vigilant, prompt and forewarned by fatal results elsewhere occurring from a remission of duty.

If men would only run as many risks, and endure as many hardships and dangers to secure Heaven, as they do to secure gold, we should live this earthly life under a different rule and dispensation from the present.

We knew that our gang was composed of desperate characters, and our sentinels were brave and determined men. Five men had their meditations to themselves until the middle of each night, when they were relieved and replaced by five others—or the "morning watch," as it was termed.

No one thought of evading their duty. In fact, we all had a lively and realizing sense that our actions were watched, and disunion might herald destruction.

One evening, as I sat in the door of my tent, tugging away at my brier-wood pipe and some disagreeable meditations, Lieutenant Page came along, and threw himself down upon the bench by my side.

The day was done and its labors, but my mind refused to rest with my body, and, therefore, I was rather glad to see Page.

"But I fancied that I heard the creaking of the windlass pulleys a moment ago—the wind, no doubt, squeaking through some crevice of this 'local habitation' of mine. I must find the fissure or rent, and gag its troublesome lips."

"No, 'twas the windlass," says Page.

"What's up?" exclaimed I, springing to my feet.

"All the devils, anyway," was his irreverent response; "but it is Warner."

"Warner! What is he doing?"

"I have come up on purpose to speak with you privately, captain," said Page, in a low, confidential tone, and glancing furtively over his shoulder. "Several times lately, long after the miners were all up, I have seen Warner hanging about the shaft, and twice, while I watched him, he let his bucket down, all the time muttering in a terribly strained, unnatural tone; then he would pull it up, shuddering and trembling, so that he would have to clutch the tackling to prevent falling. I thought at first that he was testing the tackle or something; but to-night I concluded that you ought to know it. I'd put him off by himself, Carnes."

"What are your ideas upon the matter?"

"I have not any definite ones. He is planning mischief. Is he not in sympathy or communion with the miners, and tampering with the timbers of the shaft?"

"Page," I exclaimed, doing violence to my feelings, for it would be poor policy to weaken the nerves of every one of our small number, "you are worse than a doubly distilled nightmare. Why, Warner is my favorite."

"Don't I know it," was the ironical reply; "the favorite of every officer of the —— mines, but none the less the favorite of fifty as desperate ruffians as ever roamed outside Satan's dark dominions."

I knew that he was telling the truth.

"Would they not follow his beck, think you, in any evil design?"

I hesitated to reply.

"I don't wish to prejudice you, captain. I only wish to put you on your guard, so that you can watch for yourself."

I would do that, I said to myself, as the lieutenant bade me good night, and passed around to his own men.

The next day, when labors were over, Warner returned with me, and I was immediately struck with his haggard looks.

"Warner, are you sick?" I asked.

He started violently.

"I believe that I am," he said, after a moment's pause, during which time he seemed to be striving to swallow something that choked him.

"Why did you not mention it? We would have let you off duty," I went on.

"Oh, I can't be let off," he said, in a deep, harsh whisper. "He might be left down there any night. Half the time they are not counted right."

I looked at him in amazement.

"Who is it? Whom do you mean?"

He shook his head, and shook it again.

I could only grasp the instant's suggestion that among the convicts he had discovered some near and dear friend.

Two nights after this, Warner not coming in as usual, I took my way back again to the mine. The night rioted in a high wind, and a torn and rugged scud was driving across the moon and sky. I did not suppose that Warner would know of my approach, as he was intently gazing into the shaft, down which he had lowered the bucket, but he did, for, without turning his head, he spoke:

"They *did* leave him again to his fate; but why don't he step in? I can't stay here all night."

As I pressed forward to gaze down the dismal tunnel, I struck against his elbow. He uttered a hoarse cry, and with lifting brows and staring eyes, turned and fled.

Full of Page's theory, I called down the shaft to Warner's accomplice.

"I shall draw the bucket up, and, if you don't wish to remain all night there, jump in."

There was no response, and I waited until my patience was exhausted, then I drew up the bucket, and returned to my tent.

Warner was already there, crouched in a corner, and counting rapidly.

"Twenty, twenty-two, twenty-five."

On my entrance he uttered an ejaculation of relieved surprise.

"Ah, you are come. I was just going out in quest of you. I was afraid that *you* were left down there."

"Come Warner," said I, determinedly. "what does all this mean? I must know. You shall tell me."

"It's driving me mad—I might as well tell you. I don't care if you ridicule me, or think me a fool, I must tell it. Nearly a month ago, after I was sure that every man was up, I heard somebody calling, 'Warner! Warner! Here! at the shaft!' and I rushed back and lowered the bucket, and as no one sprang in, I looked down, and saw the face of a corpse swimming about in the gloom below. I didn't think so then; it surprised me so that I could only halloa cheeringly, and tell him I would have him up directly. But he *never came*. He is there yet! Every few nights he calls after me, 'Warner, Warner, the shaft!' I can't get him up, and for God's sake what am I to do? There, he calls again," and he dashed frantically outside.

"Poor fellow!" I ejaculated. "Gone stark mad. Is he safe to run at large? Poor Warner!"

I, too, ran outside, as these reflections passed through my mind, for I trembled for his safety. There was a high wind soughing among the evergreens, but I bore record that when I was a little ways beyond my swaying and rumbling tent, that I distinguished a clear, wild cry with a warning intonation.

It gave me a mighty disagreeable sensation around the heart, and grasping my revolver, I dashed off towards the mines, not doubting but that some sad accident had happened to my favorite. Half way up the hill I met him running back.

"Did you call, captain?"

"No; but I heard a cry. Was it yourself?"

"Indeed, no; it must be up at the mines. Let us go on."

All was still, save the rush and rumble of the rioting gale.

We passed around the cabins of the miners, found the sentinels alert, and then repaired to our tents.

"Some wild beast, or bird," I said to myself; and you can fancy anything you please on such an echoing night as this; but Warner made not the least comment.

After this, matters grew worse and worse. He was out all times of night; and when it was calm we could hear him hallooing and calling among the hills in a way that was dreadful.

I soon persuaded myself that I had not heard anything but an echo when I went out with him, and with one accord we came to the same opinion.

Warner was mad. Harmless and pitiable, and with one accord we said let him stay unmolested with us. By and by, he ceased crying back to imaginary voices, but took his wandering periods just the same.

We got on famously with our mining. We had sent off a goodly amount of metal on two occasions, and had on hand, in secret and secure hiding places, rich deposits. Our gang had proved tractable and unexceptional workers, several of them acting as sort of overseers to the others in mining and blasting, even taking charge of some of the teams going to Melbourne after supplies. Therefore, we were astonished and incredulous at warnings given us by others whom we chanced to meet on our expeditions to town, that a sirocco often follows a dead calm.

I found myself one evening sitting outside my tent, undergoing the strangest mental change ever experienced by mortal man. From a state of light felicitation occasioned by success and good health, I found the spiritual mercury dropping in frightful haste.

The night was weird and lonesome, neither moon nor stars lighting the scene; only here and there a miner's lamp showing a speck of light. My thoughts, oddly enough, reverted to what I had hardly noticed at the time, how noiselessly the windlass had worked that day; a slight matter for which I could not account. And Warner, too, had been absent from his post since the night before, the longest period of absence which he had taken.

Occasionally a shadow crossed the lights, and a hateful idea suggested itself that the pickets offered good targets to a madman's or outlaw's aim, as they thus passed before the lamps. Nerved up to an unrestrainable pitch, I arose to go up to the shaft, and then I said to myself, "How foolish, with five of our best men on guard."

Just then I was startled by an approaching figure. I instantly grasped my revolver and challenged:

"No. 20, why are you thus out of quarters?"

"Hist, sir!" says he. "Speak low. Being restless as an evil spirit, to-night, I have reason to believe, from what I have seen, that the shaft is being tampered with; that is, they are planning something. Call the officers quietly, sir, and inspect the matter."

Now our habits had been to go down—from five to eight of us officers, twice a day, and look to the timbering, aside from the general surveillance of the miners. The safety of both the men and the miners necessitated this.

My strange emotions, the morning shadows, this warning, seemed so many links in the chain. Covering a vital spot of No. 20 with my pistol range, I went up the hill and saw him steal into his mess. I then passed stealthily around and aroused the slumbering officers.

"Let the pickets remain posted," said Captain Gardiner, "while five or six of us descend, and the rest will station themselves hereabouts to render assistance. It isn't a pleasure trip down there with our present ideas active, and if you choose, we will go by lot."

"I volunteer," exclaimed Lieutenant Page, "and I," "and I," until more had offered themselves than prudence would allow to go down.

Just as the bucket was hooked on, from the cavernous openings up the hills came a wild, frenzied call for aid. "Help! help! ho—help!" The voice was nearing us.

"Close up," ordered Gardiner; "form two lines back to back, one line point your carbines towards the mines, the other cover the section from whence that cry is coming."

"Help! Mur-der!"

"It's Warner!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, d—n the fellow!" said Gardiner, lowering his weapon.

"No," I called out; "that's real. There's death there. Let me have Page and Osborne for a few moments, and," said I, assuming that tone of authority that sometimes defies subordination, "cut the ropes of the windlass."

Two heavy knives executed my orders before there was time for a countermand.

Once more that wild, strange cry reached us, but ere we could give it heed, a horde of the convicts were upon us.

They were those who after months of undeviating good behavior had had their chains taken off, who now descended upon us with knives whetted by fiendish hate.

"Stand firm!" shouted Gardiner, in the darkness, "stand firm, and *fire*."

Only the strictest obedience could save us. Confusion and mixing up in the darkness would be madness and suicide. They retreated after the second charge, but there we were compelled to stand through the hours of the short, dark night, our minds tortured with the probable fate of the poor fellows acting as sentinels; and that of Warner but just a little way up the hill.

With earliest dawn our investigations began. The bucket showed signs of having been used. This led to the subsequent rescue, after the pangs of incipient starvation and loaded pistols above had intimidated them, of six fiends who, in the mines below, had planned to murder the party of inspectors which their accomplices were confident of sending down to them. Four more lay dead within musket range. Every one of the sentinels had been stabbed—three fatally—by knives, which the teamsters, somehow, had procured at the different times when they had driven into Melbourne, as it was supposed, properly watched.

Just up the hill-side, Warner lay dead. Only his warning death-cry had saved the entire company of officers and subalterns from massacre; and it was never to be known whether it was the phantom of a crazed brain, or his guardian angel that had haunted him.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

☞ All communications should be addressed to E. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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PURCHASING BUREAU.

In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of books, jewelry and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will hereafter execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The FASHION EDITRESS will give special attention to articles for Ladies' toilet. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

☞ BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 23, 1874, and now in force, the mailing of articles of merchandise, in packages not exceeding *four pounds* in weight, on payment in postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, enabling people at a distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, books, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, teas, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

HAMMOND.—The best work on the subject that we can recommend is Pope's "Modern Practice of the Electric Telegraph," which we can send to you for $2, if you wish us to do so.

G. H. W.—Your questions relate to matters of a sectarian nature, and we must decline answering them. Reply as we might, we should only awaken unpleasant feelings and invite unpleasant criticism.

F. G. A.—The extraordinary condition which you say was agreed upon before the marriage has no legal force whatever; and the wife is bound to go and dwell with her husband in the home which he offers her.

ALICE.—The conduct of the young lady in taking your photograph from your album and giving it to the young gentleman during your absence from the room was highly improper, and you should insist on her making him return it.

ARKANSIAN.—We thank you for your "Lettered Enigma" for our Sphinx Column, but as the answer did not accompany it, we cannot, of course, insert it. The solutions must in all cases be sent in with any contributions to this particular department.

DOUBTFUL.—We must again repeat, once for all, that we cannot possibly recommend any particular trades, professions or avocations to persons with whom we are totally unacquainted, and of whose habits, manners, tempers and personal qualifications we have not the slightest knowledge.

G. D.—The fact that you "possess more than an ordinary education" will not help you any in your love affairs. Tact and common sense are what are wanted in such cases, and if your rival excels you in these indispensible qualities, he will beat you, no matter if your education has been better than his.

DORA.—By the aid of a grammar and dictionary you may learn French well enough to understand what you read; but you would feel yourself at a loss to comprehend any one who talked to you in that language. Nor could you make yourself understood if you attempted to converse in French yourself.

ANNIE.—When the cheeks are naturally red, with the rosy hue of real health, as is apparent in your case, it would be a sin for you to do anything to reduce the color and for us to advise you in the matter. If the redness was scorbutic, or in any way connected with a derangement of the health, then we would recommend your consulting a medical man.

ENGLISHMAN.—We are obliged for your appreciation of our paper, and wish we were able to point out to you some way of obtaining better employment than what you now have. As times are at present, you had better hold on to what you have, and though all avenues of labor appear closed now, by waiting and watching you may be enabled to better your condition.

JENNIE.—"Moth Patches" may sometimes be removed by rigorous purification of the blood and the use of liver medicines. If this does not remove them, there is still another method which is said to be efficacious, but which we would by no means advise, viz.: burning them off with nitrate of silver or muriatic acid, when a white spot will be left instead of a dark one.

CENTENNIAL.—The old bell in the State House in Philadelphia was cracked in 1817, while ringing an alarm of fire. It was cast in 1753, by Messrs. Pass & Stow, in Philadelphia, under the supervision of Mr. Isaac Norris, the speaker of the Colonial Assembly at that time; and he it was, also, to whom we are indebted for the suggestion of the motto: "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

A. S.—There is a natural taste for painting as well as for music or poetry. These accomplishments are seldom, if ever, to be acquired by persons who have no innate taste for them. One may long to become a great painter, or musician, or poet, and may try his very utmost to acquire the coveted proficiency, but will never succeed unless the taste for it was born within him. The saying *Poeta nascetur non fit* applies with equal force to painting and music, as to poetry.

J. W. M. (Philadelphia.)—"Cecilia," and not "Cecelia," is the correct way of spelling the name. St. Cecilia, the patroness of music, suffered martyrdom in 230 A. D., and her festival day, November 22d, is celebrated with splendid music. Chaucer, Dryden and Pope have immortalized her in their works, and the painters Raphael, Domenichino, Dolce and others have represented her in fine pictures. We have never seen the name "Cecilia" spelled in any other way.

EDGAR (Germantown).—If you were to send to a publisher or editor a MSS. in which the spelling was incorrect, he would be almost certain to decline it at once; but it is not so necessary to be equally particular with the "punctuation, or inverted commas," which have been troubling you so deeply. The more carefully prepared the manuscript of a novice is, however, the more likely it is to obtain the attention of an editor. At least, we speak from our own experience. As to translations, we do not want anything in that line; the literary market is crowded with such matter, and it is very difficult for a beginner to obtain employment of that description.

GULA.—We are sorry we have had to keep you waiting so long, especially in your very "undecided frame of mind," and trust that you have done nothing desperate in the meantime. We must confess we do not exactly like that young man of yours "coming to see you every Thursday and Sunday evening, and at the same time seeing another young lady home from her store every Saturday evening," and then trying to make it all right with you, by telling you "he does not care for her a bit, as she is very soft and very touchy!" You should give him to understand plainly that whatever the other young lady may be, you are not "soft," and that you insist upon having his undivided attentions or none at all.

LAURA.—We should be very happy to oblige you, but you have misunderstood our last reply to your question or you would not have repeated your request. We must again say that we cannot give you "the names of the twelve greatest traitors, heroes, poets and novelists, and one traitoress, heroine, poetess and female novelist, living or dead," for the same reason that we gave before. Even supposing we could find out the names, it would be a very invidious task, and a piece of presumption as well, for us to say who are "the greatest" in their respective ways out of all the hundreds who have lived and have passed away; for you wish us to go away back, even to profane history.

A HUSBAND.—The way never to quarrel with your wife is to remember that to make a quarrel it is necessary to have two parties. One person cannot make a quarrel. If husbands and wives would only bear this in mind, and enter into a philosophical compact, as it were, never to quarrel together, but only to quarrel one at a time, if they *must* quarrel at all, they would be astonished to find how soon the quarrel would die out. We have met such couples in our experience, and have watched with admiration the controlling power which this principle had over their occasional disputes. When the husband was at all inclined to be quarrelsome and break out, the wife remained cool and collected, and never said a word. On the other hand, when the wife was peevish and out of sorts, and displayed more temper than is becoming to one of the gentle sex, her husband would remain perfectly unmoved, or as if he were for the moment listening to the music of some heavenly song. Whilst one party was volcanically fuming, the other was calm as—a cold potato! There is the whole secret, in a nutshell, for you.

B. A. T.—"Please tell me how wood-cuts are produced, and, also, what is the difference between photo-engraving and the Graphic process?" The box wood used is nearly all imported in logs, which are sawed crosswise, squared and polished on one side, type height; they are then coated with a thick layer of Chinese white by the artist, who makes his drawing either with pencil or India ink wash, or with both. It is then ready for the engraver, who cuts out, with small tools, all the wood which is not drawn on, leaving the drawing in relief similar to type. It is then electrotyped by an impression being taken in wax, the wax being hung in a copper battery, which coats it with a thin film, which in turn is filled with metal to give it solidity. It is then mounted on wood, type height, and is ready for the printer. Photo-engraving process, which is a pronounced success, widely differs from the Graphic process. In the first-named they print on type presses from electrotype plates, which are obtained from pen-drawings by photography. The Graphic Company photographs from pen-drawing in the same manner, but print from stone the same as lithographers.

TELESCOPE.—There are various accounts and theories of the spots on the sun. They are much larger than you seem to have any idea of. The area of the smallest of them, visible to the naked eye, is about one hundred and seventy thousand square miles; that of the largest, at least a thousand millions of square miles. As to their causes, astronomers disagree. Sir William Herschel believed them to be cavities in the solar atmosphere, through which the body of the sun was discernible. Supposing his theory to be correct, a body as large as the earth might pass through one of even the smaller orifices without coming within thousands of miles of either side. Yet, viewed from a distance of ninety five millions of miles—the space between our planet and the sun—they seem scarcely larger than freckles. Another and later supposition is that the phenomena are caused by meteorolites, which becoming entangled in the sun's atmosphere, are "licked up" by the central attraction, after having performed two or three revolutions in their orbits. During their transits across the sun's disc, say the advocates of this idea, they form the specks on the solar surface which have so long puzzled the scientific world. As the spots are known to move at the rate of some four thousand miles an hour—about the average pace of meteoric bodies—fact and hypothesis so far agree.

A. L. C. P.—"I cannot resist the temptation to write and tell you of the pleasure which the present wonderfully improved condition of the POST has given in the community in which I reside. From being a dry, unattractive paper, it has now become one of the brightest and most attractive of all the papers of its kind, and if you go on as you have been doing of late, I predict that the POST will soon be the first and foremost of all. There used to be a large club in former days from this place, who took the POST regularly for years, but when it began to go down, and there was evidently no life or vigor in the way in which it was conducted, the club ceased. But I am glad to say that there is a reaction setting in again in favor of the POST, and you may look out for a club from me at a very early date, as several of the old subscribers have promised to join, and are trying to get others." We print your letter as a sample of the many kind letters which are flowing in upon us. It gives us much pleasure to hear from such an old friend, for such we see you are on looking over our subscription books and finding that you have been a regular subscriber to the POST for the last twenty-one years. We are glad that our efforts to improve the POST, and render it attractive, have been appreciated and successful so far in your neighborhood, and hope soon we may receive from you a still more gratifying evidence of the same, in the shape of a good large club.

SAM H. (Wilmington).—We will try and explain to you how eclipses occur, although it is difficult to give you a satisfactory explanation in the very limited space here at our command. The situation of the earth with regard to the moon, or rather of the moon with regard to the earth, occasions eclipses both of the sun and moon. Those of the sun take place when the moon, passing between the sun and earth, intercepts his rays. Those of the moon take place when the earth, coming between the sun and moon, deprives the moon of his light. If the moon revolved around the earth in the same plane in which the earth revolves around the sun, we should be having an eclipse of the sun every time the moon crossed the sun, and an eclipse of the moon every time that the moon passed on the other side of the earth from the sun. For each of these times the three bodies would be in the same straight line. But the moon's orbit, and the apparent path of the sun, called the *ecliptic*, do not coincide but are inclined to each other at an angle of about five degrees. We speak of the sun being eclipsed, but, properly, it is the earth which is eclipsed and not the sun. No change takes place in the sun; if there were, it would be seen by all to whom the sun is visible. The sun continues to diffuse its beams as freely at such times as at others. But these beams are intercepted, and the earth is eclipsed only where the moon's shadow falls. In eclipses of the moon, that body ceases to receive light from the sun, and, consequently, ceases to reflect it to the earth, and, therefore, undergoes a change in its appearance which is visible at the same time to all to whom the moon is visible. This is the reason why eclipses of the moon are visible to all to whom the moon is visible at the time, that is, to a whole hemisphere of the earth, and eclipses of the sun are only visible to a part of a hemisphere. We have endeavored to "boil down" the sum and substance of the matter into a small compass, and hope we have succeeded in making you understand the subject of eclipses.

REVOLVER, (Phila.)—Would like the POST to decide the following question: "Is a man liable to arrest for carrying a revolver; if so, is there no redress for a man who travels late at night, or passes bad neighborhoods, etc.? Please give the law concerning the same." There is a popular delusion concerning this matter, that is almost incredible. No person is liable for the mere act of "carrying a revolver;" that is no offence, either under the Constitution or any Act of Assembly. The Constitution (of Penna.) says: "The right of the citizens to bear arms in defence of *themselves* and the State shall not be questioned." The defence is two-fold: First, the citizen can defend *himself*; and secondly, he may be called upon to defend the State. The right of self-defence is so ancient and indisputable that it would be a waste of time and words to discuss it. Every citizen can defend himself, and, if his life be put in peril and the necessity of the case demands it, he can even take the life of the aggressor by the use of a "revolver," or any other weapon. Now, it may be asked whether the fact of having the weapon at the time of attack would not be an unlawful act? By no means, as will be seen by reference to the Act of Assembly on the subject of carrying concealed deadly weapons. The act provides: "Any person who shall carry any firearms, sling-shot, or other deadly weapon concealed upon his person, with the intent therewith, unlawfully and maliciously, to do injury to any other person, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor," etc. The offence in the statute consists in carrying a weapon, *with the intent, unlawfully and maliciously*, to injure another. Should a garroter or highwayman attack you at night, and attempt to rob you, and in your defence it should become necessary to draw a revolver and shoot him, such an act on your part would not be "unlawful" and "malicious," but just and proper, and you would be exercising a constitutional right and privilege which every good citizen ought to be proud to exercise, under such emergencies; and we hope if you have occasion to pass "bad neighborhoods" in the legitimate pursuit of your business or pleasure, that you will invoke this right should a malefactor make an attack upon your life or pocket.

MISCELLANEOUS.—GRAMMARIAN.—The word "yes" is an adverb. You are a pretty grammarian to have to ask such a question! C. C. C.—We never heard of such a word, much less ever seen it. Where in the world did you come across it? BLOSSOM.—It is a gross deception for any one to pretend to be able to tell you anything about your future husband. C. B.—It is very dangerous to tamper with moles on the skin. They should only be removed, if at all, by a professional man. A. B. C.—We cannot suggest to you topics of conversation without the slightest knowledge of your intellectual powers. W. S. P.—We sympathize with the feelings which prompted the verses you have sent us, but regret they are not suitable to our columns.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*